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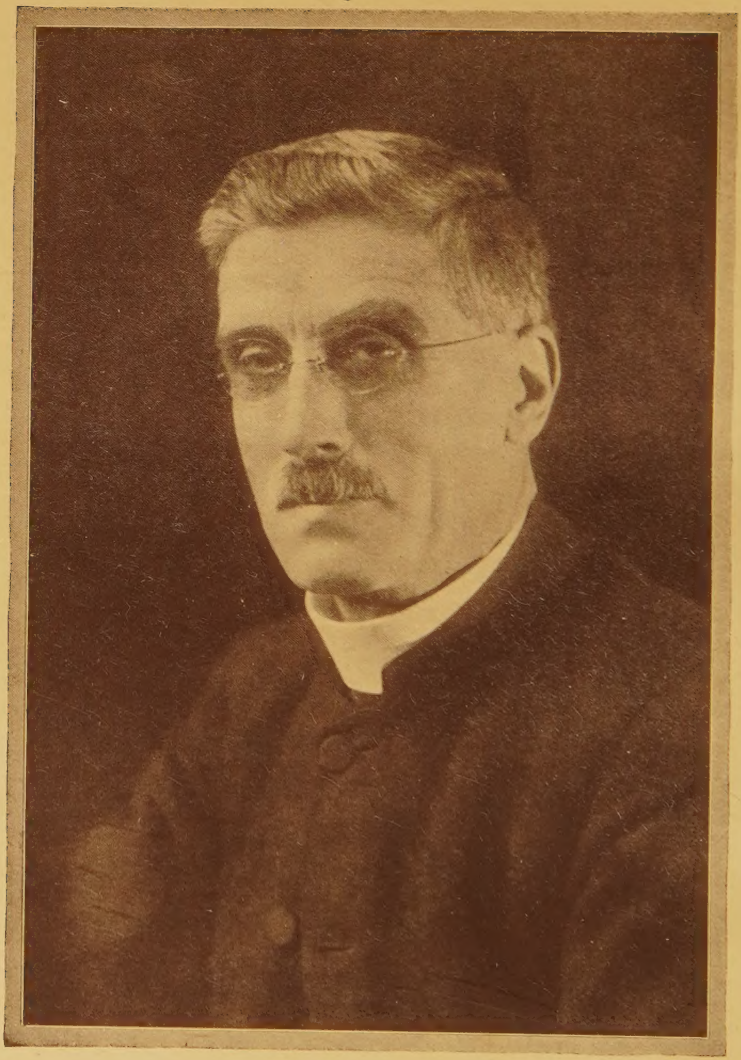

S. Wilson Stocker

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 151 February, 1928

Our February Number

By THE EDITOR

A Great Literary Company.

THE Rev. S. Wilcox Stocker is a large part of Scottish Methodism, and he has a story to tell of its past and its present which is full of hope. Dr. Lidgett and Dr. Hughes add greatly to the value of this number. The more airy side of life takes us among Sussex windmills. Preachers and their families will compare their own views with those of our lady of the manse. Canon Ainger has a grace of his own and Bunting and Bramwell bear witness to those varied gifts of the Methodist ministry which are happily perennial. Old and new; treasures of every sort are in this number, and one reads them with pride and thankfulness. Ireland furnishes a striking chapter in Mr. Horan's life as a rebel.

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John Telford

Methodism in Scotland

By S. WILCOX STOCKER

THERE has always been a certain amount of hesitancy respecting the place of Methodism in Scotland. Our Church has had no doubt that it has a witness to bear in all the world—excepting Scotland. Until quite recent years, at any rate, it has not been quite sure about that. It is an attitude which, up to a certain point, has venerable sanction. John Wesley claimed the whole world for his parish, but expressly states that for a time he excluded Scotland. ' I had no intention to preach in Scotland ' is his declaration. When he yielded to the entreaty of his friend Colonel Gallatin, and decided to cross the Border, both his brother and George Whitefield did their best to persuade him to change his mind. They thought it offered him no suitable sphere, and Whitefield seems to have dreaded that his visit would involve him in all sorts of controversies.

Wesley's Opinion of Scotsmen.

It is true that Wesley's labours in Scotland did not produce the visible results which attended his work in England and Ireland. The religious conditions were very different from those prevailing in either country. Butler remarks, ' It seems historically true to say that, beside other elements in common, the Scottish Church had anticipated, and to a considerable extent embodied, John Wesley's work in England. This, with the theological differences of the eighteenth century, may be the chief *immobilis inertia* that retarded the progress of Methodism in the period.' It may be, also, that both Charles Wesley and Whitefield realized that temperamentally he was not too well fitted to be an apostle to the Scottish people. At any rate not a few of the comments John Wesley makes upon the congregations which assembled to hear him reveal his inability to appreciate their racial characteristics. He is impatient of their apparent stolidity and coldness, and is antagonized by what appears to him to be their intellectual self-satisfaction. More than once he states that ' they know everything and so can learn nothing.' His peremptory refusal to grant the request of some of his Societies to have a more permanent pastorate, shows that he had not learned the lesson which the Scottish Reformers had taken to heart. ' While I live, itinerant preachers shall be itinerants

. . . I have weighed the matter, and will serve the Scots as we do the English.' A policy which was fatal to some Societies and detrimental to all.

Methodist Influence Greater than Statistics.

At the same time it cannot be too strongly stated that the visits of Wesley to Scotland were sufficiently valuable to the religious life of the country to justify completely his efforts. The effect of Methodism upon the parts which he visited, it is generally admitted, has been far greater than can be revealed by statistics. It has greatly influenced doctrine, and, equally in more recent years, the method of dealing with the religious and social problems presented by large centres of industry. In addition, any one who has lived long in the country and has travelled up and down it in the service of the Methodist Church, cannot fail to be impressed by the large number of people, ministers and laymen alike, belonging to other Churches, whose forefathers came under the influence of Wesley or his preachers. An illustration of this is afforded at the moment of writing this article. The death of the Rev. Henry Martyn Beckwith Reid, D.D., late Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, has deprived the Church of Scotland of a brilliant scholar. Dr. Reid was the grandson of a Methodist preacher, at one time stationed at Dundee, and a year or two ago gave an address to the Synod of the Scotland District in which he dwelt at length, and with great appreciation, upon his early association with our Church. This is but one instance out of many with which the writer is acquainted.

Nevertheless, the mission of Methodism in Scotland has, until recently, been regarded with much dubiety in some quarters, and thought of as of little account in others. It is not infrequently asserted that it exists very largely for the sake of English Methodists who reside in Scotland, and has failed to find acceptance by the Scottish people. Even if that were so it would still be true that our Church is needed in this land. But it is quite an incorrect statement of the position. It would be difficult to find in some of our Scottish churches any English people, and in others Scotsmen predominate. The fact is that, within a limited area it is true, Scottish Methodism has struck its roots firmly into the life of the nation, and Scotland would undoubtedly be poorer in the things that matter if it ceased to exist. To some this may appear a somewhat unwarranted statement, but it is made on the basis of a long and intimate acquaintance with our Church in this country, on the testimony

of a great number of people outside our own Communion, and on the steady growth of membership during the last forty years. There is, moreover, another side which must not be ignored.

The Need for Aggressive Evangelism.

In the great towns and cities there exist just those conditions which constitute the challenge to the Church, and which, to some extent, Methodism in England has met and is meeting. It has been contended that the methods we have adopted in England are not suited to Scotland, and there is truth in that to a certain extent. Experience has shown, however, that in Scottish industrial centres aggressive evangelism carried out along lines which our experience has made familiar to us, meets with very considerable success. The Edinburgh Central Hall, for instance, exerts a great influence upon the city in which it stands. Its success has been a surprise to many, but it shows that in large towns there is need for some other type of religious activity than that afforded by the ordinary church. Paisley is another outstanding example. The tragic and lamented death of William H. Rolls has brought back to some of us the dramatic scene in the Scotland District Synod of 1901 when he protested against the proposal to abandon our work in Paisley, and urged the formation of the Paisley Mission. The adoption of this course has been followed by results which fill the hearts of those who know Paisley with deep thankfulness. Methodism is a power for good in that important town. Thirty years ago it was of no account whatever. Perth is another instance. More than once our Church there has been under sentence of death. A few years ago a new and bold policy was undertaken, and to-day Perth Methodism is vigorous. If in the providence of God the way opens for building a Central Hall upon the splendid site we have in that town, there is no doubt whatever that much greater things will be accomplished for the Kingdom of God.

What Glasgow Wants.

It has often been a matter of comment that in Glasgow, where such work might be expected to succeed most of all, the efforts made have not been attended by great success. It must be borne in mind, however, that more than one of our churches has been worked for years upon the lines adopted by our great Missions. In such cases most marked success has been accomplished. Indeed, at the present time our Glasgow churches are a real joy. Some of them have crowds of young people whose activities are displayed in many forms of Christian service. An English Methodist might not find himself familiar with some of

the methods adopted, but we are not bound by the dictum ' We will treat the Scots as we do the English.' Even so, he would find that the genius of Methodism is every bit as much in view. To-day the fine Central Hall in the Maryhill Road, after contending with very great difficulties, appears to be entering upon a period of spiritual prosperity, and in the east of the city the new hall at Bridgeton will have been opened before these lines are in print. Behind these two notable achievements there lies a record of devotion and sacrificial service unsurpassed in British Methodism. It cannot be otherwise than that this spirit will be richly rewarded. The scope of this article forbids further reference to local effort, but it would be ungrateful and ungracious not to make mention of the sympathy and practical aid rendered to these and other evangelistic enterprizes by the General Chapel Committee, the Home Mission Committee, and individual English Methodists. Glasgow still stands in need of a hall which will be really central. Some years ago it was hoped that on a magnificent site which is destined to be in the very heart of the city such a hall would be built. The opportunity was lost, and to-day there is general regret, not confined to Methodists, that such is the case. The site is still available, but there appears no prospect that Methodism will be able to establish itself in that commanding position.

Other Churches Fed.

John Wesley was always received with gladness in Inverness, and he would rejoice in the large congregations now gathered in the Central Hall which we acquired there a few years ago. Along the Moray Firth we have churches ministering to the splendid fisher population, in places which hardly existed in his day. In Arbroath, on the east coast, the ' house ' in which he preached is still the meeting place of our people, though somewhat altered externally, and the little Society has grown into a vigorous Church. The same can be said of Dunbar, to which he makes so many references. Wesleyan Methodism is not regarded with any dubiety by those who have the Kingdom of God at heart, in Scotland, as long as it fulfils its mission. It suffers, in Glasgow especially, because it has not been able to get the support of those who, residing in the suburbs, have not found one of our churches near to them. The Presbyterian churches have gained at our expense. But within the limits which it has made for itself it was, probably, never more active and influential than it is to-day, not only in evangelistic effort but in matters affecting the social well-being of the community.

Co-operation and Methodist Union.

The relation between ourselves and other churches is very cordial. The spirit shown towards Wesley has been continued to his successors. The Presbyterian ministers exchange willingly and frequently with ours, and the same is true of other non-Episcopalians. We have been fortunate in having among our ministers, from time to time, those who have given special attention to certain matters of social reform, and there has always been great readiness to acknowledge the value of their experience and to take full advantage of the service they could render. In the No-Licence Campaign the influence of our church has been of the greatest possible use.

The Primitive Methodist Church is a much smaller Communion than ours, but it has several churches in Glasgow and the neighbourhood full of life and zeal. In recent years there has been a much closer co-operation on our part with them. This is not the place for any remarks upon Methodist Union generally, but the views of the writer upon the union of Scottish Methodism are well known, and probably there can be no objection to setting them forth once more. Whether the larger Union is effected or not, it is surely obvious that in Scotland there ought to be but one Methodist Church. Apart from matters of circuit administration, and representation in church courts, there is no difference between us, and such modifications as are necessary could easily be made. Apart from the larger Union there would be difficulties of a Connexional character, but these, there is good reason to believe, could be overcome without much trouble. It is true that not all Scottish Methodists would endorse this policy. But if Methodism in Scotland is to bear its witness with power it must be one.

Some Radical Needs.

Of almost equal importance is the recognition of the distinctive Scottish status of our Church in this land. At present Methodism is the only ' alien ' Communion. The Episcopal, Congregational, and Baptist Churches have their Scottish characteristics fully recognized. There is no desire to separate Scottish Methodism, to the extent that Irish Methodism is separated, from the British Conference. What is clear to many of us is that our Church will never take the place it ought in Scotland until it fits in more definitely with Scottish life. Those who are called upon to represent our Church upon committees outside our own ranks, find their position at times very difficult inasmuch as Methodism has no Scottish ' Head

Quarters ' or status. Even if nothing more were done, meantime, than to establish a Scottish Church House, or Office in Glasgow it would give us a national 'habitation and a name,' which would be of very great value.

In addition to this, some modification of our polity should be permitted which would allow us to carry on our work more in accord with the racial characteristics and traditions of the Scottish people. It is true that concessions have been made from time to time, but a well thought-out policy is still lacking. If our great Church will recognize that its little branch in Scotland is doing really good work for the Kingdom of God such a policy may be forthcoming. In any case it seems illogical to recognize the distinctive features of Welsh and Irish Methodism and to ignore those of Scotland.

What of the Future?

Has Methodism a future in Scotland? Admitting that it has done, and is doing, something for the advancement of religion in the country, is it likely to render equally valuable service in the days to come? The question is being seriously asked in view of the changes impending in the constitution of the Presbyterian Churches. Following rapidly upon the union of the Free Church of Scotland with the United Presbyterian Church, thus forming the United Free Church of Scotland, is the proposal to unite the two great branches of Presbyterianism into one Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The proposal seems destined to find fulfilment in the near future. When that comes about will there be need or room for Methodism? There are those who believe that we should best accomplish our task if we became part of that Church. The subject is not ripe for discussion, but at least it may be said that the objections to such a course are of a very weighty character. The increasing evangelistic activity of the great Scottish Communions is one of the most hopeful signs in the life of the Church. United Missions, on similar lines to those adopted by Methodism in England, have been carried on in industrial centres with considerable success, and there are some indications that our Central Hall movement is appealing to the imagination of those who are most concerned respecting the moral and spiritual condition of our larger towns.

Nevertheless there appears to be little doubt that if Methodism in Scotland will be true to its calling and maintain its distinctive witness it has before it a future more influential than its past has been. It is suffering to-day from limitations which it has imposed

upon itself. It is too much disposed to think that the short-sighted policy of a past generation has made advance and extension practically impossible to-day. No one knows better than the writer of this article the great barriers which such a policy has erected, but there are those who share his belief that the revival of courage and sacrificial effort would overcome such hindrances. If Methodists who come to us from other parts would, before uniting themselves to other churches, inquire into the need of our witness, we should probably be able to put down churches in the midst of the new populations which are springing up on all sides of our large towns. If those to whom there has been given a greater measure of prosperity than has been granted to the majority of us would stand by their Church, Methodism would be able to do far greater things for the Kingdom of God in this land. At the present time, it is safe to say, there is more devotion and activity among our ministers and people than for many years past. The question is often asked ' Stands Scotland where it did? ' So far as Methodism is concerned the answer is ' No! It moves forward.'

The Web of Life

By R. ERNEST LITTLE

I saw a spider spin his web
Upon the ground, and all around,
Among the bending blades of grass,
He made his silver cords to pass
Along the ground and all around!
I saw a web upon the ground,
A *wondrous* web, as I looked down;
Beneath the veil of silent night
The dew had fallen till the light
Revealed within that lowly place
A scene of beauty and of grace
Illustrious as a monarch's crown!
I saw a web upon the ground,
A *shining* web *low* on the ground,
And, with the meshes of my mind
Wove lessons simple and profound:
I, too, may on life's soilèd grass
Leave lustre that, as others pass,
Shall chase the gloom from off the face
And cheer them, as with joy they trace
The loveliness that can be found
E'en on the ground and all around!

Reminiscences

By J. SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

XIV.

Some Drawbacks on New Estates.

THAT there are certain drawbacks about these new estates cannot be denied. They tend to gather together a population exclusively of one social class. The fact that so few sites are available within the County of London has meant that the inhabitants of these new estates have in most cases to travel a long way to and from their work. Hence the cost of living is increased.

Moreover, although the community bears a considerable proportion of the loss, since economic rents cannot be imposed, the cost of living in these new estates and of travel to and from work prevent the houses from being occupied by the very poor, while in view of the increase in the population the exodus has not been sufficient to effect any substantial improvement in the overcrowding of the congested districts.

The necessity of devoting all the available capital to actual outlay on houses has made it impossible to supply the new estates with public institutions other than elementary schools. There has been, however, one important exception. Soon after the Housing Policy was undertaken I introduced a deputation of Clergy and Ministers to the Housing Committee, and as a result of their representations the L.C.C. obtained permission from the Ministry of Health to reduce the cost of sites for places of worship. This valuable concession has been taken advantage of by the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Becontree and at Downham. An arrangement has been entered into between all the Free Churches not to compete with one another on these new estates—a very valuable instalment of the efforts to avoid overlapping, to which all these denominations are committed.

Yet this great progress, with the additions made to it by the City Corporation, by the Borough Councils, and by private enterprise has hardly sufficed to make good the shortage caused by the War and the increase of population. It has done comparatively little to remedy overcrowding in the congested neighbourhoods, or to make it possible to deal on an adequate scale with insanitary areas. Yet the London County Council has steadily gone forward with a policy, the magnitude of which is

unexampled and which has made use to the full of the supplies of labour that have been available.

The development of Education by the Council since the War has been so comprehensive and continuous that Mr. Thevelyan, when Labour Minister of Education, declared publicly that his task would have been easy were all the Education Authorities throughout the country like the London County Council.

An Educational Reverse.

One great Educational reverse has taken place—the downfall of the Day Continuation Schools. These schools were handicapped at the start. Many of the great employers welcomed them, in some cases housing them and in others cheerfully co-operating with them in their business arrangements. But they undoubtedly caused difficulties to small employers, which could only have been accepted and surmounted had public opinion been strongly behind them. Then they had to be carried on in hired and often unsatisfactory buildings, which compared badly with the spacious Day Schools to which the pupils had been accustomed. Moreover, the curriculum had been somewhat hastily devised, and was intended to make as great a change as possible from ordinary Elementary Education. Hence there was a certain lack of practical utility, and imperfect classification of the pupils. The Teaching Staff, having been suddenly recruited, was only partially satisfactory. As the result of all these drawbacks discipline was sometimes defective. Worst of all, the period of commercial depression and consequent unemployment supervened, and many parents believed that the chances of their children finding employment were damaged by the obligation to attend these schools.

This grievance was intensified by the fact that, owing to the lack of unification, the new law was not acted upon by the Local Education Authorities of Greater London, with the result that parents in the County complained that their children were being supplanted by out-county children, who could be employed for whole, instead of part-time. Finally, Parliament had tied up the curriculum by insisting that a large proportion of the time-table should be taken up by physical exercises. Hence working-class mothers complained that ' they wouldn't mind if their children were learning anything useful, but they did object to their time being spent in learning dancing.'

Attempts to remedy these drawbacks were under consideration, when the Election of March, 1922, took place. I myself put forward proposals, which would have removed them, by seeking

powers to make the curriculum more practical, and to give the pupils the choice of compulsory attendance in the evening, when the daytime was proved to be inconvenient.

Labour Opposition.

But on the eve of the Election the Municipal Reform Party pledged themselves, to the dismay of their educationists, that, if returned to power, they would close the Schools. The Labour Party promised that if the Schools were continued they would provide maintenance grants for the children. So the Progressive Candidates were left to bear the brunt of the storm, which fell upon me with the utmost force, as their Leader, and because I had supported Sir Robert Blair, the Education Officer of the County Council, in a speech, when he explained the Scheme to a stormy meeting in the Bermondsey Town Hall.

Meanwhile the local Labour Party had organized a tremendous attack upon me—partly clever and partly unscrupulous. In particular, they brigaded the unemployed and misrepresented me as being their enemy, although I had been the proposer of the appointment by the L.C.C. of an Unemployment Committee to co-operate with the Borough Councils in finding work of various kinds by making up the arrears caused by the War. All these and other attacks being held to be insufficient to dislodge me, a final stroke was devised which proved effective. A local Labour dispute on the Waterside—called by the Employers a strike and by the Employees a lock-out—had put some hundreds of men temporarily out of work. The foreman of the works was a Wesleyan. I did not know of its existence, and spent the day before the Election peacefully at Lambeth Palace discussing Reunion. A meeting of the unemployed was hastily called at the Rotherhithe Town Hall, and it was given out that because the foreman of the firm was a Wesleyan, I was ' blacklegging ' for the employers. This charge was spread along the Waterside that evening, with the result that on the day of the Election my workers returned to the Committee Rooms to announce that the situation was hopeless, and I was heavily defeated. Subsequently, the then Conservative Member for Rotherhithe publicly took credit for having induced a number of Conservative voters to support the Labour candidates as a protest against the refusal of the Central Municipal Reform Committee to oppose my re-election.

[*To be continued*]

Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

II. THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

IMITATION is one of the deepest instincts of our nature. A child learns and grows very largely by imitation, and we all, consciously or unconsciously imitate those whom we admire and revere. The disciple of Jesus Christ is impelled to imitate his Master, who has ' left us an example that we should walk in His steps.' His likeness seems often to be far beyond and above our reach. We think of those ' sinless years beneath the Syrian blue,' of that life spent in going about doing good. We meditate on the exquisite balance of His qualities—how perfectly strength and tenderness, justice and mercy, self-assertion and humility were blended in Him. We remember that though meek and lowly in heart, He none the less uttered the challenge, ' Which of you convicteth Me of sin? ' And we say, ' Who is sufficient for these things? ' Yet that is our goal. We cannot reach it all at once, but we must press on to it. Our quest is nothing less than to attain ' to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.'

By the imitation of Christ is not meant simply external imitation. It does not mean that we are slavishly to reproduce the details of our Lord's outer life. We may achieve a very close outward imitation of a man without coming within measurable distance of conformity to his likeness. Shakespeare and Tennyson had long hair, so the aspiring youth cultivates flowing locks and imagines that he is a poet. But it takes more than long hair to make a Shakespeare. John Wesley was a man of apostolic zeal and it is the business of his successors in the ministry of the Church which he founded to imitate him. But if we try to reproduce the externals of his life we shall lose our way. Wesley had often to preach at five o'clock in the morning. But if we were to essay to do the same to-day, the probability is that we should have no congregations. The essential thing is to discern how to express his spirit in the changed circumstances of to-day.

So with Jesus Christ. He washed His disciples feet and told them that He left them an example, that as He had done to them, so they should do to one another. In America there is a sect which observes three sacraments, Baptism, the Lord's Supper,

and the Foot-washing. But the observance of the third of these rites is no proof in itself that they imitate Christ. The crucial question is do they humble themselves to minister to others every day of the week? Every year on the Thursday before Easter, the Pope, in illustration of Christian humility, sprinkles a few drops of water on the feet of thirteen poor men. Luther denounced the ceremony as hypocritical and not at all in the spirit of the Lord's command. He thought that the poor men would 'be far better served if they were given a common bath, where they could wash their entire body.' And we shall all feel that if the Pope were to abate his pretensions to earthly sovereignty and were seen in crowded city tenements, humbling himself to serve, he would be following more closely the example of Jesus, than by this literal obedience to His words. Nearly thirty years ago a book was published, entitled *What Would Jesus Do?* which made a great stir. It represented men and women in various walks of life as asking themselves this question and depicted the revolutionary results which ensued. It was a stimulating book and did a great deal of good. But the question 'What would Jesus do?' is not the best way of approaching the imitation of Christ. Jesus had his own special work to do and He did many things which we cannot do. Moreover, times and conditions have changed, and the eternal principles which Christ proclaimed are expressed and realized in changing ways, according to changing needs and conditions. The question which we have to put to ourselves is not, What did Jesus do in the days of His flesh? But, What would Jesus have me to do in the twentieth century? and that is a question which we cannot answer by mere outward imitation.

How then are we to answer it?

1. First of all by *obedience*. No one can read the Gospels without being struck by the emphasis which our Lord placed on doing His will and keeping His commandments. Jesus Christ did not legislate. The Sermon on the Mount is not a revised and improved edition of the Ten Commandments. We search the Gospels in vain for detailed instruction as to our mode of conduct in the complex situations of life. Our Lord contented Himself with affirming the great principles which are applicable to all the varied situations of life. But he did not intend us to treat them as vague and amiable platitudes. He meant us to think them out and to work them out. He has given us the promise, 'He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness but shall have the light of life.'

Let me take a concrete illustration of what is meant by obedience. Look at one of the commonplaces of Christianity. 'As ye would that men should do to you, even so do unto them.' That is a beautiful precept to which we all render the homage of our lips, but it is more difficult to give it the homage of our lives. We can find no better illustration of Christ's method of affirming great principles applicable to all the relations of life, rather than of legislating in advance for all manner of circumstances and needs. Christ gives us the principle. We must deduce for ourselves the law applicable to our own circumstances. But it is not easy. It means strenuous thought and prayer and self sacrifice. Begin with the home—the Golden Rule is comparatively easy to practise there. Pass on to business —As I would that my customers, my competitors, my employer or my employees should do to me, &c. The problem is not so easy of solution, but it would be easier if we were more ready for self-sacrifice and if our obedience to Jesus Christ were more complete. Christian men and women can render no greater service to the world than to think out and to exemplify the implications and applications of this great precept. It is essentially a task for the young, who can bring to bear on it minds untrammelled by the prejudiced and fixed ideas of the middle-aged and the old.

2. *By baptism into the Spirit of Christ.* If we are to catch the spirit of a great teacher or leader, we must grasp something which we cannot see or touch. But it is none the less real for that. The most real things in life are not those which can be seen or felt or handled. We cannot handle faith or hope or love or heroism or self-sacrifice, but these are the forces which are keeping the world in its orbit. We sometimes wonder what was the secret of the power of certain great men of whom we read in history. We ask what did they achieve? They won no battles; they enacted no laws; they led no great crusades; they left behind them no epoch-making writings; they did none of these things. Then why did their contemporaries reverence them as great, and why are their names held in lasting remembrance? The answer is that they had the subtle power of imparting to others their spirit—their thoughts, aspirations and desires, their faith and hope and energy. They were sources of inspiration; they baptized others into their spirit. That is the great secret of Jesus. His greatest legacy to the world is not His words and works, but His Spirit. 'The words that I have spoken unto you

are spirit and are life.' We do not imitate Jesus by a slavish and literal obedience to His words, but by drinking of His spirit. If we come into living contact with Him something invisible and intangible passes from Him to us, and we think His thoughts, share His desires, do His will and follow in His steps ' because He has given us of His spirit.'

Fellowship is therefore the pathway to imitation. The imitation of Christ is not wholly a matter of conscious striving. We grow like Christ unconsciously, if we abide in His fellowship. If we walk with Him day by day in the common life, treading the pathway of obedience in His companionship, we shall some day discover that we bear, branded on us, ' the marks of Jesus.'

The children of the hills are not as the children of the plains. They have lived all their days in the fellowship of the everlasting hills; their eyes have the far away look of those who see the infinite and the eternal, and their characters have something of the rugged strength of the hills. The children of the sea are not as the children of the land. ' They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.' They have lived in fellowship with the deep, and in their eyes is the simple, trustful, steadfast look of those who have plumbed the depths. Those who live in communion with Jesus Christ know the fellowship of the heights and of the depths. They have climbed the steepest heights to find that Christ is still exalted Lord above all. They have searched the lowest depths, to find that Him no depths can drown. They live in fellowship with the infinite and bear branded upon them the impress of the eternal. They are like Christ, for they see Him as He is.

The Miracle

By MARK GUY PEARSE

He turneth water into wine
  Who with contentment sips:
The common cup, God's chalice then,
  He lifteth to his lips:
The common water gloweth clear
  With Heaven's ruddy rays:
God's own best wine awaiteth him
  Whose life is alway praise.

Old English Windmills

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

MR. THURSTON HOPKINS is not a native of Sussex; he was born in Bury St. Edmunds, but, like Mr. Kipling, he has fallen under the spell of the county, and his books make a strong appeal to lovers of the downs and the sea. His latest volume—*Old English Mills and Inns*, published by Mr. Cecil Palmer (12*s.* 6*d.*), goes beyond the borders of Sussex into Kent and Surrey, and is enriched by fifty-six drawings by Mr. James E. Martin, who has shared many of his wanderings in quest of the picturesque. These add much to the value of a charming book.

A Passing Beauty.

The book is intended to guide wayfarers, and gives clear directions as to the way in which objects of interest may be reached. It is fortunate also in being able to include Lord Darling's verses on ' Langham Mill, 1925.'

> **The Mill stands silent, stayed; the wheel decays,**
> **Moss-grown, while underneath the stream yet slides**
> **With idle lapse and sad,**
> **By woven weeds restrained.**

The windmill is now little more than a picturesque object in the landscape. Ships, windmills, bridges, remain the most beautiful symbols of art on land and sea, but every few months remind us, Mr. Hopkins says, that ' the windmill has had its day. It has died hard in the face of steam and petrol, as befits a sturdy sentinel of the hills; but high winds, fire and neglect claim one of our Sussex landmarks every few months, and soon the "sails revolving against the blue and green of the sky and the hills" will be merely a glorious tradition.' That is matter of regret to those who feel their charm. They seem to spring from the soil, and to be as much a part of the countryside as the trees and rivers.

Inside the Mill.

Most of us know mills only from the outside, but inside there are nooks and corners, such as the bench beneath the port-hole window, which give a feeling ' of peace and silence in spite of the wind which worries in the sails and sets all the timbers creaking. Hanging on the oaken beams—not black, but a deep, reddish-yellow colour with age and friction of ropes and sacks —may be found ancient and primitive tools, with strange-

sounding names. Here are fag-hooks, hog-jets, thrifts, pritchels, wooden shauls, sack boys, hay tedders, mill-picks, and all kinds of skeps and sieves.'

Primitive Mills.

Hand-mills, called querns, are still to be found in remote parts of Sussex, thrown aside in mills and barns. They consisted of two circular flat stones, the upper one pierced in the centre with a narrow funnel, and revolving on a wooden or metal peg inserted in the lower stone. The grain was dropped with one hand into the central opening, whilst the other turned the stone by means of a handle near the edge.

Some Well-Known Mills.

A windmill has four or more sweeps or sails, and in the oldest form a long lever was provided to make them face the wind. In 1750 Andrew Meikle introduced a device by which the sails were automatically kept to the wind. Ditchling Mill, locally known as Oldland Mill, is mentioned in the Ditchling Church records for 1755, and may be more than 200 years old. A glimpse of it may be caught as the train to Brighton passes between Hassocks and Burgess Hill. A mill with five floors stands on Mr. Hilaire Belloc's grounds at Shipley. It has three pairs of millstones, with meal bins, granary, and storehouse on the various floors. It was built in 1879 at a cost of £2,500. Rusper had a mill imported from Cripplegate in 1820. It stood just beyond the Star Inn. The pump outside was a memorial of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, but has never been used, because of the brackish water. The ancient farm of Normans is said to have been held by the family of Mutton from the time of the Conquest, and a chest is preserved which is reported to have been brought from Normandy at that time.

The Last Judgement.

Kingsfold, or Shiremark Mill, is on the borders of Surrey and Sussex. Mr. Belloc claims it for Sussex, and says that when the world is wiped out at the Last Judgement, Sussex will be preserved as a garden of paradise for the faithful. The Angel with the Flaming Sword is to stand at Shiremark Mill to separate the just from the unjust. Love of Sussex and of windmills could scarcely go farther than that! The mill is more than a century old, and its sweeps are formed of shutters which can be opened and closed like a Venetian blind to regulate the pressure of the wind. The driving wheel on the sail-axle is full ten feet in diameter. Not far away is Warnham Court, with the mill-pond where Shelley once sailed his paper boats.

Jack and Jill.

The most familiar Sussex windmills are Jack and Jill on Clayton Hill. Jill was built in the Dyke Road, Brighton, in 1821, and was afterwards moved to Clayton. Horses were first tried, but their spasmodic jerking snapped the ropes so often that the steadier pull of oxen had to be used. Jack is a tall black tower. The group forms an impressive sight when the great sails of Jill are lit up by the setting sun.

At Bishopstone the Duke of Newcastle built three tide mills in 1761. A large mill-pond was filled at high tide and flowed out at low tide to turn three wheels of fifteen feet diameter. Sixteen pairs of stones were operated, which could grind 1,500 sacks of flour in a week. A windmill nearby worked hoisting tackle for loading barges. Tide mills are now things of the past.

Mr. Hopkins describes Ashurst Mill as the oldest, saddest, and yet most picturesque in Sussex. It is built on brick piers about 12 feet high, and rises to 50 feet. It is thought to be well over 200 years old, and, battered though it is, it still manages to defy wind and rain.

Our First Ironworks.

Sussex was once the centre of England's ironworks, but in the middle of the sixteenth century it was consuming so much timber that an Act was passed forbidding trees to be cut down for iron smelting within fourteen miles of the coast. The trade thus migrated to the coal-bearing districts of the North. In 1319 Surrey and Sussex had been ordered to provide 3,000 horse shoes and 29,000 nails for an expedition against the Scots. The first cannon cast in one piece was the work of Ralph Hogge at Buxted. There are old Sussex banded canon in the Tower, and the rails which surrounded St. Paul's Cathedral till 1874 were made at Lamberhurst in Kent, which had the largest furnaces and cast the biggest guns. The 2,500 rails and seven massive gates at St. Paul's weighed 200 tons, and cost over £11,000. Few traces are left of the iron forges, but hammer ponds are numerous both in Surrey and Sussex. The streams were dammed up and used to turn water wheels, which worked the heavy hammers. Mr. Hopkins says, ' The Sussex iron industry would give us a surprising chase if we once decided to track down all its lost homes and secrets.' He has only been able to trace one hammer forge that still stands in its original state. This is at Dalston in Cumberland, and was used for making farm shovels during the Great War.

Some Old Inns.

The local mythology concerning the escape of Charles II is a tangled skein, and Mr. Hopkins has an ineradicable mistrust of all the Brighton landmarks. The Old Ship Hotel, however, was taken by Captain Tatterall, when he received £200 for taking the King across the Channel. He then left his inn in the Lanes and built the Old Ship in a more fashionable quarter of the town.

The Bear Inn at Horsham, with its striking signboard, stands in the quaint paved Causeway leading to the fine Parish Church, where there is a memorial to Shelley and other members of the Shelley family. Toast as used in drinking healths is a survival of the toasted bread used to sharpen ale. Fairholt describes the Loving Cup used by the London Companies. The man who offers the pledge stands up and bows to his neighbour, who also stands and holds the cover of the cup with his right hand. This is said to have been intended ' to keep the right, or dagger-hand, employed, that the person who drinks may be assured of no treachery like that practised by Elfreda on the unsuspecting King Edward the Martyr at Corfe Castle, who was slain while drinking. This was why the loving cup possessed a cover.'

The walls of the White Hart at Henfield take one back three centuries at a step.

Mr. Hopkins does not mention the windmill on Reigate Heath in Surrey, but it is probably unique. It is 200 years old, and afternoon services have been conducted in it, chiefly by laymen, for half a century. It holds about sixty persons, and was re-opened after complete renovation on October 16, 1927 at a cost of £360. The sweeps and droof have been renewed, and the mill looks just as it did when it ground flour for the district.

' A Smuggling Miller.'

A book on Sussex would be incomplete without such a chapter as that on ' A Smuggling Miller.' Lot Elphick's windmill stood on a high point of Brighton facing the sea. It was said that he could draw a cheque on the Old Bank for five figures. He owned a couple of 60-ton smuggling vessels, which brought back tea, silk, spirits, and tobacco from France and Flanders. An amazing number of men worked at his mill, and when a cargo was landed they loaded it on horses and stowed it under stacks of flour at the mill till it could be taken into the heart of Sussex. His foreman and friend arranged signals with the sails of the mill, and if Elphick was in town he could be warned by

the set of the sails if there was danger of a raid by the preventive men. Mr. Hopkins tells a strange story of an August Friday in 1786, when the officers discovered a thousand pounds' worth of brandy in the mill. The parson saved the situation by suggesting that the Captain of Dragoons should be told that smugglers had been using Elphick's mill for years. The Captain of Dragoons could say nothing. 'When the parson, the head of the customs, and the most brazen knave in the town stick friendly legs under the same table, he knew that sworn evidence would sound no more reasonable than a tale from a book of fairy stories.' It should be added that Elphick had promised a hundred guineas towards a new chime of bells, and was dining at the vicarage when the sails of the mill warned him of his danger. Such a story helps one to understand what a fight John Wesley had to wage against smuggling.

Emotionalism in Religion

By F. W. BOREHAM

The story of the Church is written in chapters of emotionalism and floods of tears! It was so even in the Old Testament. 'Speak ye home *to the heart* of Jerusalem, saith the Lord.' The Hebrew words indicate, Sir George Adam Smith tells us, that a prophet is to stir the soul of the people as a lover stirs the heart of a lass when he makes his great appeal and wins her. It is ever so. From the day of Pentecost until this day the great epochs of Church history have been distinguished by waves of emotion, storms of feeling, tempests of tears. All we know for certain about the impression made on those first three thousand Christian converts is that they were 'cut *to the heart.*' Methodism was born, and the whole history of England remodelled, when, on that never-to-be-forgotten day at Aldersgate Street, John Wesley felt 'his heart strangely warmed.' And we all know how Whitefield won his memorable triumphs on both sides of the Atlantic. It is impossible even now to read those billowy sermons, in cold and passionless type, without being moved and melted. And what must their delivery have been? No wonder that strong men were bowed with weeping, and that the hardest wrung their hands in anguish. Whittier has finely immortalized it in *The Preacher*:

> So the flood of emotion deep and strong
> Troubled the land as it swept along,
> But left a result of nobler lives.

Without a single exception, the stories of the great revivals in Scotland, Wales, and everywhere else, point us along the same road. Men are strangely susceptible at this very point, and out of their very susceptibility arises the reluctance of the preacher to strike home. But let him show no mercy.

Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

II. 'THE THREE YEARS' SYSTEM'

To follow His command,
On earth as pilgrims rove.
. . . . . .
A cheerful sojourner,
Where'er Thou bidd'st me roam,
Till guided by Thy spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.

OUR three years' system appears to be a source of great interest to some people, not only to those of our own Church but of other Churches too. At the end of each three years we manse people generally go through a little oral examination on the advantages and disadvantages of playing general post. Other ministers' daughters will agree with me, I am sure, that the usual thing we hear is, 'We no sooner get to know you than you go off somewhere else!'

How many times in my life have I been asked, 'Do you *like* moving about so often? Is it really a good thing?'

When I was in a frivolous mood I felt inclined to answer, 'The three years' system has resulted, though probably quite unintentionally, in saving the feelings of the ministers' daughters. It really is a very useful institution. Think of it! A hat or costume has borne the battle and the breeze for three years, all the members of that flock know it well, but it leaves that circuit and gaily goes on to the next and nobody knows, or we hope they don't, how antique it is. My hats have often been invited by me to stay a fourth, fifth, and even a sixth year.'

Then again, no one knows in the new circuit that the three women of the manse, as well as having just played 'General Post' themselves, play it with their clothes. We might have asked in the style of the French exercise: 'Have you the costume of the minister's wife?'

'No, but I have the hat of my sister.' Now, camouflage as I may, my 'fig leaves' are known only too well because I have 'sat down.'

The three years' system is also supposed to prevent the hoarding of unconsidered trifles. The question was, though, in our family—to whom are they unconsidered? The fiat always went forth at the beginning of the triennial upheaval and packing from father doing 'his best heavy super-touch.'

'Now we must make drastic raids on our belongings and get rid of all we can!'

'Yes, father,' quite meekly came the answer, and then in would-be innocent tones:

'What about all those *Minutes of Conference, Watson's Works, Neander's Church History,* and heaps of your stodgy old books? Do give some volumes of sermons to worthy local preachers!'

'They'd be no end bucked, you know, dad,' the Kingswood boy would add.

'H'm, well. I'll see about those, but what about——?'

'Yes, father, we know, we'll go through the collections of butterflies and birds' eggs, picture post-cards and things, but you *will* cremate those old bazaar handbooks, won't you?'

'But they may be the *very* thing I shall want and most useful in the new circuit. They'll save me an immense amount of time finding suitable quotations for sweet stalls and such things. I know there's a big building scheme on and there's sure to be a bazaar.'

Groans from the daughters of the manse as they subsided in uttermost limpness on the couch or floor.

Such was the way in which the triennial tearing away of our heart's treasures was accomplished. Many a time have we 'sighed for what is not.'

Shall I ever again experience such a thrill of delight as when I was seven years old, father asked us, in as nonchalant a manner as he could assume, 'Would you like to live at the seaside for three years, children?'

'*Live* there? Ra-ther!'

Could it ever possibly come true that we should leave a rather depressing Midland town, with a dark manse and no garden, for the delights of the seaside? Could a more blissful thing happen to a family of four children ranging in age from three to twelve?

I can visualize that scene now and how we danced round father, clamouring to know all about it.

Fearing we should build our hopes too high, father told us that he'd been invited to a south coast circuit, Seaby, 'but,' he added, 'Conference may not let us go,' and looked at mother for help in his dilemma.

I believe that was the first time that august body loomed upon my horizon. I asked, 'What's Conference, Daddy?'

'How can I explain Conference to a child of seven?' he appealed to mother.

' It's ever so many ministers who say where the ministers are to go, darling,' mother said.

' And won't they *let* us go to the seaside if we *want* to? ' we asked in dismay.

' Very likely. Now, be good children,' and father fled to the study.

But ' Conference ' to my mind consisted of so many ogres, who *might*—. It was unthinkable.

A few months later, one hot July day in the same dining-room I can see my father tearing open the flimsy wrapper of the final draft of the ' stations.'

' Stations! Mother! ' he said, and there flashed between them a look we didn't understand. It meant so much to them if the frail little mother could have three years of pure sea air.

We knew the word ' stations ' by this time for ' We are down all right in the first draft,' had been explained.

There was a tense moment at that dinner table whilst father ran his eye down the columns. ' All right! Seaby! '

What a rejoicing followed—hugs, kisses, and gurgles of delight, mixed with wild plans of ' When we're at Seaby I shall bathe every day twice! '

Would the day of departure ever come? Could we hide from the many kind friends in the present circuit our absorbing delight in looking forward to the new one? We were told very gently that it wasn't quite kind to show we were so pleased to leave them.

' Don't you remember how kind Mrs. Manning was when you had whooping cough? How she sent you flowers and jellies and all sorts of things? '

' Yes, but mother, think of the sands! '

Never before, and never since, did father and mother have such a band of willing helpers with the packing. We were always ready ' to get on with the packing,' and ruthlessly parted from even our dolls, long before it was necessary. It seemed to make it so much ' realler ' that we were going.

I remember so well those journeys from circuit to circuit. Very occasionally we took our holidays ' between circuits,' but my mother never liked this plan. It was her pride and joy to leave a manse, on the great Thursday trek-day, absolutely spick and span, with the beds made up ready for the next people. Even the clean table cloth was put ready with a tray of crockery for Mrs. Circuit Steward to lay the tea for the new comers.

Then came the farewells and good wishes at the station and

last looks at those who had made our life's interest for three years.

There is a peculiar feeling about that journey into the new circuit. A feeling that we belong to nobody for awhile and a dull sense of blankness. One page of our book of life shut for ever and we felt quakings mixed with thrills of excitement as to what would be written on the next page.

We had small adventures on some of those journeys. If we travelled on the usual Thursday before the first Sunday in September we looked out for other ministerial families 'removing.' If we could spy the funny little 'pork pie' 'K.S.' cap of those days and a clerical hat mixed up with a family group we felt we were stepping in Sherlock Holmes' footsteps.

Naturally it was extra thrilling if we had to change stations in London. Cannon Street is always associated in my mind as the scene of a rush to catch a train. Father always took with him a bag of tools that he would need directly the large luggage arrived. This had been entrusted to the eldest girl's care, but as we ran helter-skelter down the platform this wretched bag flew open and screw drivers, hammers, pincers, and many handy oddments, popped in at the last moment, bestrewed that platform to the amazement and amusement of other passengers. How the bradawls and screwdrivers rolled about on that grubby platform amongst people's feet! How dirty our gloves became as we dived after our lost property! They were clean and decent gloves, too, especially selected for making a proper impression on the new Circuit Stewards and their wives.

Towards the end of the journey the excitement of 'what comes next' aroused us from pensive memories of what was now 'our last circuit.' Frivolous guesses as to 'what there'd be for tea' came from the K.S. boy. 'Last time there was tongue,' he said, rolling his eyes in delighted reminiscence.

'Fancy remembering *that,*' said the eldest girl. 'You'd remember if you were half starved at boarding school,' he replied. Was there ever a schoolboy who didn't consider himself rescued from starvation by the tuck-shop and the holidays?

What a straightening of hats and tidying of hair there was when father said, 'We ought to be there in ten minutes.

Mother inspected her little army from father to the youngest boy as strictly as if we were on parade. Then with a final wifely brush to the ministerial coat and a look into father's eyes, for both felt the strain of good-byes and new beginnings, they turned once again to face strangers in a strange land.

A Psalm that has made Heroes

By ALBERT J. FARNSWORTH

The Song as re-constructed by Dr. C. A. Briggs.

Yahweh is ours, a refuge and strength,
A help in troubles to be found abundantly;
Therefore we will not fear though the earth roar,
And though mountains totter into the heart of the sea;
The seas roar, their waters foam,
Mountains shake with the swelling of its stream.
Yahweh God of Hosts is with us,
The God of Jacob is our high tower.

His brooks make glad the city of Yahweh,
The holy place of the tabernacle of Yahweh Elyon.
Yahweh is in her midst; she cannot be made to totter;
Yahweh will help her, at the turn of the morn.
Nations roared; kingdoms tottered;
Has He uttered His voice, the earth melteth.
Yahweh God of Hosts is with us,
The God of Jacob is our high tower.

Come, behold the works of Yahweh,
What desolations He hath set in the earth;
He is causing wars to cease unto the ends of the earth,
The bow He breaketh, and cutteth the spear in sunder.
Desist and know that it is I, Yahweh;
I shall be exalted among the nations, I shall be exalted in the earth.
Yahweh God of Hosts is with us,
The God of Jacob is our high tower.

II.

WHENCE THE SONG AROSE.

Some of the finest songs of the world have come from the dark days of national distress. They are the impassioned longings of an exile for his home, or, it may be, the expression of a confidence which, amid the dismal ruins of captivity and shame, hope alone inspires. Some of them burn with the fiery flame of vengeance, and some are impaired with the bitterness and the curses of ill-will. But others glow with the light of lovely peace. For nations are not inherently vindictive. Imprecation is not the natural expression of men when they are most deeply moved. It is tyranny which is the begetter of curses. Wherever in a

nation's songs there is found a vehement outburst of anger or hatred, it can be traced to a period of oppression and injustice. Of course vehemence, in the sense of forcefulness of utterance, is always to be expected in a true song. An overmastering impulse there must be. Let the words be wild as the wind that howls around crag and tor, or let them be curbed with restraints as the river that flows in a winding vale, they will be living, moving, passionate. Moreover, they will utter forth the deep things of the universal heart of man, they will be true to the interests of the whole while they deal with the merest part, they will be in tune with the eternal and the divine.

Such a song is the ancient national song known as the Forty-sixth Psalm. It was a fruit of the history of a small down-trodden nation. It is charged with the strong passion of one who belonged to a much oppressed family. It is fired with the zeal of a fervent worshipper of one particular religious shrine. Yet it has proved to be so true to the universal heart of things that its influence cannot be measured. With a number of other songs of like character it has burst the bounds of nationality, and has been the strength and comfort of some of earth's noblest souls. It has been treasured at the hearth; it has sounded through the solitude of forests; it has been caught on the breeze and carried over the waste places of earth; the battle-shock has heard its triumphant strain; and at the stake of the martyr the influence of its mighty hope has raised the drooping soul and calmed the nervous mind.

The date of the song is uncertain. Every new revelation of truth has its accompaniment of song, every great deliverance from oppression its outburst of praise. This song celebrates a deliverance. It may be that, when around Jerusalem, the great hosts of Assyria encamped to shut up Hezekiah 'like a bird in a cage,' and Sennacherib sent his herald to taunt the people with trusting in a vain security, one of the faithful defenders caught the spirit of the great prophet Isaiah, emulating that noble patriot's faith in the Unseen, and sang the song for the encouragement of his fellows.

The scene is worth recalling. Encamped upon the hills that stand around Jerusalem is the proud, victorious army from the East. Its messenger is near the gate. He cries, 'Beware lest Hezekiah persuade you, saying, Jehovah will deliver us. Hath any of the gods of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the King of Assyria? Where are the gods of Hamath and Arpad? Where are the gods of Sepharvaim? And have they

delivered Samaria out of my hand? Who are they among all the gods of these countries that have delivered their country out of my hand, that Jehovah should deliver Jerusalem out of my hand?' Thus the contemptuous challenge is delivered. And there is no reply. Both king and people stand within the walls silent. What answer can be given? What can they say who are more than outnumbered? What defence is theirs who are gripped as in a vice? How can a man retaliate when he is gagged and bound and dying of wounds? Can he defy the giant who stands over his prostrate form?

All is not so hopeless as it seems. A power is near which only faithful hearts can feel, and faithful hearts are there. There is a voice which speaks in clear tones—unperceived, indeed, by the Assyrians, but heard within the walls of Jerusalem. God is in the midst. His servants know that He is near. He is watching, and He never sleeps. His help is sure. Though the mountains shake with the rushing of the hostile swollen stream, there are in Jerusalem humble brooks of divine succour to make the city glad. Jerusalem cannot fall and perish while God is there. He is strong to deliver. With reassuring voice His prophet cries, 'Be not afraid of this blasphemy. Sennacherib shall not come unto this city, nor shoot an arrow there; neither shall he come before it with shield, nor cast a mount against it. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return. For I will defend this city to save it.' The king hears, and is comforted, and his counsellors take courage.

Then comes the night when the arm of God reaches forth. He smites the invaders where they lie, and on the morrow

> **Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown**
> **That host on the morrow lies withered and strown.**

For,

> **The might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,**
> **Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.**

The camp is silent. At last some of the defenders venture without the walls and enter the quiet tents. What a sight meets their astonished eyes! The Assyrians lie prostrate in death, stricken as with a pestilence, overwhelmed by the desolations of the God of Jacob. Until now Hezekiah has said concerning the Assyrian herald and his words, 'Answer him not.' But he has spoken in the ear of the Lord, and God has answered him. Now he will speak in gratitude, and praise his deliverer. It is not unreasonable to suppose that for his thanksgiving one of the

gifted men of his day (perhaps Isaiah himself) wrote this noble song.[1]

Whether that was the occasion of the song's appearance or not, the incident is well fitted to the spirit of it. Out of the memory of such a great deliverance it must have sprung; and its purpose surely was to commemorate such a time and to give inspiration to sufferers in other and similar trials. One of those trials, one which, as a few scholarly historians suppose, may even have been the original occasion of the song's appearance, occurred in the same land of Judah when Josiah was King in Jerusalem.

Josiah was the youthful grandson of Hezekiah. In his day the Scythians swept westward in the tracks made by the boastful Assyrians. Terrible deeds were wrought by them. Hunger and desolation, lamentation and death followed them wherever they went. They drew near to Jerusalem. The city trembled. It was not surprising that it should, for of all Israel's foes these seemed to be the most powerful and ruthless. Egypt had once been mighty and oppressive, though it had become a broken reed. Assyria had roared like a tempest; but its fury was spent, and the memory of its greatness was growing faint. Scythia threatened to do more astonishing feats of conquest than all former nations had done. Where was there a nation able to escape the gloom of her lowering shade or flee the clutch of her enveloping hosts? Her coming was like a plague of locusts, her destructiveness like that of consuming fire.

The citizens of Jerusalem heard the report concerning them. Such news was not unfamiliar in that lofty city. But the king who was then on the throne was little more than a child. Nevertheless, he determined to uphold the best traditions of his land. He put his trust in the Unseen, resolved at all costs to be the champion and the servant of Jehovah. Before he dealt with the menace from afar, however, he saw that the first necessity was the cleansing of his own city. The abominable places of corrupt worship needed to be destroyed. The rapacious Moloch, whose sacrifices were little children, had to be

1 This is the opinion of those responsible for Sternhold and Hopkins' metrical version of the Psalms. The introduction to Ps. xlvi there reads, 'A song of thanksgiving for the deliverance of Jerusalem, after Senachrib with his armie was driven away or some other like sodaine and marveilous deliverance by the mightie hand of God: whereby the Prophet commending this great benefit, doth exhort the faithfull to give themselves wholly into the hands of God, doubting nothing but that under his protection they shall bee safe against all the assaults of their enemies.'

overthrown. The people required nobler laws and loftier ideals. All this must be done ere the city could be defended. Then, if the heathen host came near, even if it beat upon the very gates of the city, there would be no confusion. The confidence of the defenders would manifest their faith. Their trust would be placed in a living God, who was in the midst, the strength and the high tower of them all.

The reformation was accomplished, there being those about the king who supported him in his laudable endeavours. Happily the danger passed by, and it has been thought that the picture drawn in a few verses of the Forty-eighth Psalm is a description of that event. There a devout patriot exclaims,—

> Great is the Lord, and highly to be praised,
> In the city of our God, in his holy mountain.
> Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole earth,
> Is mount Zion, on the sides of the north,
> The city of the great King.
> God hath made Himself known in her palaces for a refuge.
> For, lo, the kings assembled themselves,
> They passed by together.
> They saw it, then were they amazed;
> They were dismayed, they hasted away.

Then perhaps a fervent patriotic bard wrote both the one and the other of these two great Psalms and sang them for the honour of the God in whom he trusted. There is no certain knowledge. The chief thing is that the Psalms live on, giving inspiration to each new generation of faithful hearts, thus proving their right to be reckoned among the most precious possessions of the Church of God.

Arthur Mee's *The Book of Everlasting Things*, Hodder and Stoughton, 7*s.* 6*d.*, will take its place beside his *Children's Bible*, his *Life of Jesus* and *One Thousand Beautiful Things* as one of our household treasures. Its seventy-eight masterpieces of art are in themselves a glorious picture gallery where the chief painters of the world display their skill, and surrounding the pictures are the masterpieces of literature drawn from an even wider circle and presented in a way that lures a young reader on from one pasture to another. Bunyan has his place of honour, and so have Defoe, Bacon, Shakespeare, and the outstanding masters of Greece and Rome. *In Memoriam* is drawn on largely and the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* appears at length. It is a pleasure to find one's favourite pieces here and to feel that the boys and girls are set down to such a feast. We fear that the older folk will almost want the book themselves for its appeal is to all ages.

Songs in the Shadows

An Incident from the Civil War in Ireland

By P. K. HORAN

Brave, from the darkness of ignorance,
Let our souls march away—
Proud in a knowledge of right and wrong—
Into triumphal day.

LIFE in Kilmainham Gaol was not luxurious. ' Skilly '—poor, watery porridge—was a ' favourite ' matutinal repast. I mean that it was a ' favourite ' dish—with the prison authorities—for the prisoners.

In ' Bothan An Aoibhnis,' however, Liam and I managed somehow to catch stray gleams of sunshine. The cell window was a good distance up the dark wall, but singing and dreams and new resolves brought a flood of splendour to our poor, proud ' home.'

Some nights Liam and I would exhaust ourselves speaking of countless things. Several times, with hazy vision, we greeted the wan dawn as its greyish light struggled into gloomy Kilmainham Gaol. We had much of which to speak. There was our introduction to the Revolutionary Movement, for instance. That was a fruitful theme of conversation.

Liam had come into the Movement through advanced Labour influences. He had often been in ' Liberty Hall ' during the heydays of Larkin's power. Then he had joined the ' Irish Citizens Army.' It was an independent body of fighters. It had been formed—with hurleys as weapons, in the first instance—as a ' Workers' Defence ' force after the police ' bludgeonings,' and risings of the 1913 strike in Dublin. It had eventually thrown in its lot—though preserving its distinctive cognomen—with the official units of the Irish Republican Army.

It is forgotten by some that three distinct bodies fought against the Free State Government during the Civil War in Ireland. They were the I.R.A., the Citizens' Army, and the ' Red Army.' The 'Red Army,' so-called, was composed of six or seven members of the Communist Organization in Ireland.

Altogether the Republicans only mustered a few hundreds in the fight in Dublin City. When Dublin failed all was lost, however prolonged the conflict. The morale of the I.R.A. was hopelessly shaken after that.

But to resume my narrative. Kilmainham was infested by rats. The cunning eyes would gleam through the thick shadows of the cell. Liam warned one of our own officers—a member of the Dail—about this. He pooh-poohed it. Then to test the matter, on Liam's suggestion, he left his own cell door open.

It was a grave-faced man who spoke to us on the following morning. Naturally, there were neither tables nor chairs in the cells. (The Free State Government did not, of course, leave Bibles for the ' Irregulars ' to read.) The only furniture, if such it may be called, was a rather hard little mattress which rested on three planks. It ' rested ' there more comfortably, it would appear, than we did. Any food, therefore, which we might possess had to be left on the cell floor.

Although the atmosphere was stifling, we had, perforce, after unwelcome visitation, to keep the cell door well closed. Liam and I had no room for ' gymnastics ' of any kind. A stretch and a yawn exhausted the capacity of the cell.

It seemed strange to us to see the green-clad men as warders. We had never associated ' the jackets green ' with warders and military police. The green uniform seemed strangely out of place in Kilmainham Gaol. Of course, we recalled that Pádraig Pearse—and the others—had entered those cells in the green of the Volunteers. It was incongruous that men who were now wearing that uniform were in Kilmainham Gaol—not ' to die for Ireland,' but to keep strict watch and guard upon those who proclaimed Pearse's principles. *' Ni siothcain go saoirse.'* ' No peace till freedom.'

The old country ' philosopher ' says that ' it is a queer world '; and we must be content to leave the matter there.

We were never allowed to see our friends during our three months' sojourn in Kilmainham Gaol.

Liam's fiancée, who travelled from the Merseyside to see him was not allowed to enter; and we just saw an indistinct figure and a waving wisp of handkerchief on the street below as we strained to see from behind the iron bars of a cell window in the front of the prison building.

The facilities for correspondence were generous in the early days. Regulations, however, grew more stringent. A strict censorship was instituted, and later on official prison paper was issued twice weekly. The paper was green,—in the early issue,—but eventually a pinkish sheet was substituted. We were allowed to receive any letters and parcels that came for us. Our outgoing correspondence was strictly limited. A rigid censorship often

mutilated our letters. If a derogatory term concerning the Free State was used that would be ' blue-pencilled.' Some of the most innocent remarks were subject to this mutilation, and it was a constant exercise in ingenuity to decipher the pathetic blotch. Sometimes we succeeded in deciphering the ' cauterized caligraphy.' This is what we would read, perhaps.

' If you did not get the cigarettes I sent you the guards must have smoked them ; ' or again, ' Old Cosgrave has his hands full nowadays ' ; or ' Good old Dev. is still on the war-path.' It was amusing ; and, besides, it passed away what otherwise might have been very dreary minutes.

The authorities provided us with an enamel plate and mug each. These were sometimes used as ' drums,' with the result that some of the prisoners sought to ' adopt ' the plates and mugs of others when the enamel came off their own. A number of my fellow-prisoners bored holes in the sides of their plates and tied them with a piece of string inside their coats.

Personally I had to adopt a somewhat similar method in Gormanston Internment Camp. I made a rough inside pocket —out of a piece of canvas—for my overcoat, and there secured my plate.

Sometimes the noise in Kilmainham was terrific. If tunnelling operations were in progress in any part of the building a group of ' the boys ' would congregate above the compound, and hammer, hammer on the ironwork surrounding the cells. In this way they hoped to divert the attention of the guards. The tunnelling operations—with the crudest of instruments—were, of course, for the purpose of preparing a means of escape to the outer world.

The Imperial Authorities were often outwitted, in the matter of escape, by the ' old-time ' Republican prisoners. However, in the ranks of the Free State Army were men who knew all the ' tricks of the trade,' and it was not so easy to hoodwink them.

On one occasion, in Kilmainham Gaol, when Liam and I were sitting chatting in our cell, we heard an awful noise of ' drumming.' We guessed at once what was afoot. The ' boys ' had commenced on a tunnel somewhere, and those others were assisting to drown any suspicious sound of digging. Liam and I, with nervous eagerness, left our cell. We were anxious to escape as well. We walked about the compound for a little while. The ' drumming ' grew louder above our heads. They were ' spoiling the game,' we thought, by creating such a nerve-racking din. The noise was dreadful. Mugs and plates and

sticks rattled on the iron railings. It was like bedlam let loose.

Liam and I went back to our cells to shut out the noise. There would be little use in speaking to the authors of it. They were enjoying the racket, it would appear. After about half an hour's constant din we heard the gates into the compound being flung open violently.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

We were stunned for a moment. The whole building echoed and re-echoed to the sound.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Glass crashed somewhere. We rushed to the cell door, and right beneath a file of guards were standing with smoking rifles uplifted. Either the officer had lost patience with the growing din or become suspicious of its purpose. Those volleys quietened the place for another day. Fortunately no one was shot. The tunnelling operations ceased for a while.

Apparently there were agents of the Government in our midst —masquerading as prisoners—because every plan to escape was frustrated at the last moment.

Of course, it has to be borne in mind, as mentioned before, that many members of the Free State Army had been prominent —and otherwise—in the Revolutionary forces prior to the signing of the Treaty. And because of this fact the Authorities were familiar with the likely schemes of ' Republican ' prisoners. We were never tried before a military or civil court. We did not know how long our term of imprisonment might be. The suspense was awful.

Every night the ' Rosary ' was recited publicly. All the prisoners congregated and knelt in the compound. We all carried beads for prayer. Some one of the prisoners would say, ' Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.' Then we would all respond, ' Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.'

These were repeated more than fifty times in ten or fifteen minutes. It was an unholy performance. It was all so meaningless and mechanical as to be absolutely devoid of uplift or inspiration. It was plain, too, that these ' recitations ' had no effect on the mental or spiritual character of the men. It was soullessly ritualistic and not spiritually enriching. It numbed the true instinct for prayer. It made religion a ritual and not an experience. It made communion with God and spiritual

realities parrotlike, and not personal. It robbed souls of an uplifting sense of His most holy Presence. It exalted Mary and excluded the Christ.

We soon realized that all these ' ritual rounds ' did not bring any spiritual nourishment for the hunger of hearts. Certainly they did not affect the mental and spiritual outlook of the men. Many of the most fervent reciters of the rosary indulged in ' Billingsgate ' afterwards.

That set Liam and myself thinking. We had been disappointed by the silence of the Roman Hierarchy during the fighting, and seedlings of doubt were fructifying in our minds during thoughtful days in Kilmainham Gaol. Sometimes at night I lay awake thinking of Ireland—and God. The light was long in breaking because I had no Bible, and was not, by any means, familiar with Holy Scripture. However, the Spirit of God can speak in the hunger of the heart.

A priest used to visit the prison every Saturday for the purpose of hearing confessions. The confessional was held in one of the larger cells on the ground floor. Thither we were wont to repair weekly when the ' Father ' came.

I had been in the habit of attending Confession since I was seven years of age. Then it was that I ' received my first Communion,' to use the Roman Catholic phrase. There came one Saturday in Kilmainham Gaol when I gave up for ever the practice of Confession. I did not know the words of Holy Writ that, ' The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' I only knew that I was heart-weary of the unspiritual, unsatisfying round. I had received no peace and no satisfaction from a celibate's ' Absolvo te ' in the Confessional.

Without the enlightenment of God's Holy Word I ceased to lay my soul under the not-always-too-delicate and probing touch of a Romish priest. It must be hard on a sensitive girl or refined woman—this iniquitous and damnable Romish system.

My first ' break ' with the Papal Communion let loose upon my mind a host of questionings. They were not answered until months later when the Word of God entered into my possession and the Truth of God into my soul. Liam and I remained in our own cell henceforward when the Rosary was being recited below. Our minds were in a chaotic condition as far as religious beliefs were concerned. We had been taught to depend upon the ' Church and priesthood ' in all things, and the foundations of our faith were fast slipping away, leaving us with nothing. If we had only known the Word of God then.

O strangely art Thou with us, Lord,
Neither in height nor depth to seek:
In nearness shall Thy voice be heard;
Spirit to spirit Thou dost speak.

Into the hours of the morning Liam and I would discuss our changing positions, the political situation, our hopes and dreams for the future. We felt ourselves strangely out of sympathy with the majority of our fellow-prisoners. Our ideals were opposed. The recent events in Ireland had been a shock to me. I was disturbed, restless, unhinged. My political views were undergoing transformation. My religious faith was disintegrating. It had all been so disappointing. The dream had been a delight in the quiet of one's own room, and on silent, moon-kissed roads, in company with the thoughts and writings of dead men, in the heat of political excitement. But now! Face to face with the sordid realities of the national situation 'the glory was departing.' When one beheld a rowdy, foul-mouthed man waving the 'flag of the Republic' it was difficult to think of 'the gentle-souled poet' as belonging to the same Movement. When one heard the shrill, abusive voice of a vulgar, inane girl, it was hard to have a vision of 'Cathleen Ni Houlihan'—a poet's name for Ireland. When one watched a slatternly woman as she shouted, 'Up the Rebels,' it was not easy to think of 'the soul of the nation.'

Of course, that was only one side of it, but it was present and prominent, nevertheless. How could one, in all sincerity, say,

For the faith of Tone is burning
In the breasts he died to free;
And your exile's thoughts are turning
Eire, Mother, home to thee.
And the passing generations
Hand the breathing spirit on
To the young and strong,
Who, watching, long
For the destined day to dawn.

So, though memory bid you sorrow
For the true and tried who fell,
Look you, Mother, that the morrow
Shall as brave a story tell.
Keep the fires on every highland,
Till the solemn lips of fate
Sound the trumpet blast,
That hails at last
The dream of Ninety-Eight.

Dreams! Empty Dreams! Vain Dreams!

He who was lifted up to die—even Jesus Christ our Lord—can uplift Ireland to life abundant. The only way is the Christ way!

Liam was very fond of singing. He enlivened many an hour in ' Bothan An Aoibhnis.' His strong, rich voice could interpret very sympathetically. He sang the old Irish folk-songs in a delightful fashion. It was a joy to listen. When Jesus came to our souls in the after days ' then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing.'

We spent a lot of time studying Gaelic in prison. Liam was anxious to learn the language, and I helped him in his studies. I remember one day we were looking over one of Pearse's poems, and we paused when we came to the words,

Mo chlann fein do dhiol a mathair.
(My own children who sold their mother.)

How true that was for Ireland, we felt. Her name had been used selfishly by priestling and politician, and now we were destroying one another ' for the good of the country.'

Kilmainham Gaol was opening before our eyes gates into new worlds of thought and outlook and feeling. The Free State sentries tramped up and down outside. Our souls were about to set out on the March to Freedom.

Hoarse voices shouted when guards were being changed. There were those of us who were listening to the song of the stars.

Twilight

Low sinks the sun in the western sky.
  Long shadows lie over the land.
The daylight fades as the night draws nigh,
  And darkness will soon be at hand.
But there lingers yet the tender grace
  Of the dear, kindly twilight hour.
Its soft, sweet touch is on nature's face
  And all things yield to its power.
It sheds over all a gracious peace,
  Its music is whispered and low.
From day's garish glare there comes glad release—
  A calm it alone can bestow.
Upward I look as the stars appear
  And glitter above me so bright.
My heart's all aglow. I feel God near,
  'Mid the hush of the faint, fading light.

B.

Mr. Hippery Holds Forth

Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

'SAY! Larry, are you going to Hippery's pow-wow to-night?' asked Jack Barnard of the little butcher, whose red, jovial face suddenly appeared in the stream of light from the tripe-shop doorway.

Larry paused, and then entered the shop, beaming with smiles, as was his habit.

'I'm going all right,' he answered; 'so is the missis. Why, most of the village'll turn out, I'm thinking. You'll go?'

'Sure thing,' replied Barnard. 'Farley is as dull as ditch water now November is come, and no charabancs coming in from Hastings, and no nothing. Hippery is a joke, but a joke that gives you a laugh, anyway. Guess we'll enjoy ourselves, but not in the way Hippery thinks!'

'Well, there will be refreshments. Bertha makes good coffee, and the cakes are fine, for Bertha handed me one to taste. The ham in the sandwiches comes from Sainsbury's I know, because I brought it in myself,' Larry observed appreciatively.

'That refreshment bar is a good notion,' Barnard agreed; 'and as admission to the lecture is free, folks will feel they've got to patronize it.'

'Hippery has got enterprise, anyway,' Larry declared. 'That hall he's put up, which he says he'll turn into a cinema another year, will hold all the villagers at a push, and he's got it built right for it, too. I mean, for a cinema. Stage at one end, and a sloping floor, and the refreshment bar at the back where you go in.'

Barnard rubbed his chin reflectively, as he said slowly, 'I still can't quite make out if that man is an all-fired fool, with an uncommon slice of luck, or a genius, with that dash of madness such fellows have.'

'Oh! he's a bit touched in the upper storey for sure,' Larry affirmed, 'and he's got the conceit of a peacock; but he's got the business bump big enough on that red head of his. He's got on, and he will get on. Why, he must have turned a pretty penny with his tea garden last summer, to say nothing of what he made in his shop, just by tempting the folks that came in them charabancs, that always stopped at his place; and, Jack, it was his tea garden that attracted all them private motor cars to

Farley last summer. People talked. Those green umbrellas over every little table, and the green-bordered table cloths, and the green tea services, and the green vase of flowers on every table, and the nice basket-chairs! '

' And a pretty, capable wife who could get a move on,' put in Jack Barnard.

' Oh, Bertha's got the job that suits her down to the ground,' rejoined Larry. ' All the same, I'm not so sure she is as pleased with her husband as she is with his success. I sometimes fear there's trouble ahead with Bertha,' Barnard said hesitatingly.

' I've feared it myself,' acknowledged Larry. ' The visitors this summer made too much of her—especially one who came a good lot in his car. I warned Bertha. You see, she knows I once helped her out of a tight corner, so that gives me a bit of a right to speak. She took it all right outwardly; but inwardly I knew she was saying to herself, " It's all very well for Larry! He does not have to live with Henry Hippery." And she's not far wrong. None of us know how we'd feel, tied up to that " tinkling symbol " day and night.'

' I do,' declared Jack Barnard. ' If I had to be always with that all-fired gas-machine, I'd go " bughouse." But it wouldn't come to that; for Hippery would find himself shot into a pond so quick, he'd think he'd always been there.'

. . . . . .

Hippery's hall was lighted up well, considering that paraffin lamps were the only means for illumination in Farley.

In the front of the hall, immediately above the big entrance door, was a glass panel, behind which was a printed sheet of paper bearing the words in huge type,

HIPPERY'S TALKS TO THE PEOPLE.

This was illumined from behind by a lamp on a shelf.

Miss Plunket's car drove up just before the time for the ' Talk ' to begin. She descended from it with Dr. and Mrs. Farquar. The vicar and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Willowby—were already seated in the front row of basket-chairs. (These basket-chairs were the same which had done duty in the tea garden during the summer.) Also Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson, the Wesleyan minister and his wife. Miss Plunket had made a ' rally ' when she captured the Farquars. She had brought them more or less against their will. But Miss Plunket considered that Hippery ought to be supported and encouraged in his effort

to liven-up the dull winter for the villagers. Sir John and Lady Laverdy were abroad, or she would have netted them in.

Behind the row of basket-chairs were rows of forms, borrowed from the village school, filled with villagers.

Upon the platform, destined to be the stage some day, Hippery stood behind a table, on which was the inevitable water bottle and glass. He wore his Sunday suit of blue serge and a flowing tie. His mass of red hair stood out over his head in a lionine fashion.

At the refreshment bar at the entrance end of the hall, Hippery's wife and old mother presided, with Tommy Giles, the cobbler's nephew, assisting. Tommy's chief duty was to wash and dry cups and saucers in a retreat under the counter.

Before the ' Talk ' began, Dr. Farquar was, to his infinite relief, called out to see a patient.

Hippery began ' on time,' as Jack Barnard observed to Larry Jones.

' Ladies and Gentlemen, I do not propose in any of my " Talks " to stick to one subject,' he began, ' but to dip into the lucky-bag of my garnered knowledge, and into the mysterious treasure-house of my brain, where profound thoughts and even prophesy lie hidden till I choose to open the door and give of my largesse.'

Cries of ' Hear! hear! '

A voice, ' What's largesse? '

A number of voices, ' Silence! '

Hippery went on unmoved.

' We are gradually wresting from nature her secrets. We have chained the lightnings. We have overcome the law of gravitation. We can now make an object, weighing tons, fly in the air, though if we throw up a small stone it at once returns to the earth. When I was a small boy, I knew a man who was signed up for a madhouse by two doctors, because he was trying to make what is now an aeroplane, and affirmed that we could fly. For every evil, for every disease, there is a cure; and mostly quite near it. The nettle stings. The dock, always found near it, contains in its leaves a cure for that sting. I am convinced that all disease can and will be stamped out by the discovery of a remedy closely connected with it.

' Now I will tell you a case which proves my theory.

' In a remote part of the Mazaruni River, twenty-seven days' journey from the nearest outpost of civilization, there is a most venomous scorpion whose bite is certain death. The natives have

discovered an absolute preventive to the venomous sting *in the scorpion itself*! The natives break off the sting, and the last articulation of the tail. With the sting they scratch their wrist, till blood comes. Then they squeeze out the whitey-grey matter from the joint of the tail, and rub it into the scratched wrist, and let it dry. No scorpion sting will ever affect any one so treated. Many Europeans have been so treated and always successfully. Probably venomous snakes contain somewhere in their bodies a cure for their bite.

'Now I may startle some of you. *I firmly believe that the sting of death has its cure hidden away somewhere. I believe we need not die.*'

Here occurred an irritated stirring of feet in the audience, which had become really interested in the scorpion information; and a voice, recognized as Target's, said, 'Come, now, you let the Bible alone. It is appointed unto man once to die.'

Hippery went on unmoved.

'We think we cannot do without sleep. We can. I sleep less and less. We think we cannot live without food. Many have experimented, and proved that we can live for long periods without food. Some new discovery may eliminate both sleep and food.'

The audience at this point grew uproarious, booed and laughed. They got up and made for the refreshment bar.

The basket-chair audience slowly departed.

Hippery sat down, after remarking, 'I have told them secrets they are not able to understand.'

'Really!' exclaimed Miss Plunket, when she found herself seated by Mrs. Farquar in her car, 'The man has certainly a warp in his brain! He had begun to be interesting, too!'

'Oh, he is mad,' replied Mrs. Farquar with decision. 'We really can't support him.'

'No, I shall not go to another of his talks,' pronounced Miss Plunket testily. 'He'll have to cut them out, and give the men dominoes or something with their refreshments; or he may get a magic lantern.'

As they drove away they heard loud laughter and cat calls issuing from the building.

Mr. Willowby, looking very grave, came out with Mr. Jefferson, who was saying, 'I'll go round and have a talk to him. This sort of thing must stop.'

'Stop! I should think so!' said the vicar. 'That kind of talk is most harmful—dangerous, even. The man is mad.'

' Well, the poor fellow can't help being wrong in the head, can he? and he is not wrong in the heart,' declared Mr. Jefferson.

' No—he is a kindly fellow,' agreed the vicar, ' and has many fine qualities; but he must stop these " Talks." He has a monumental opinion of himself! '

Late that night, in the bungalow, where Hippery had welcomed his old mother in the spring, Hippery and his wife stood alone in the book-lined parlour at daggers drawn.

' You made a fool of yourself! ' cried Bertha, ' and you made a fool of me! Nice thing for me to stand serving coffee to men who were making game of you! You're eaten up with conceit, so you are! I wish you'd stop saying such silly things about people not needing to die! You show me one person who is alive now, and was alive a thousand years ago, and I'll listen to you. My word! If old Bill Price the sexton was alive now, and had heard you to-night, he'd have laughed proper! '

Hippery fixed his eyes on his pretty wife, as if there was something in her he had for the first time become aware of. Was she—could she be dissatisfied with him? really *dissatisfied,* and not merely sharp-tongued?

She had many times shown impatience and irritation when he had been giving forth his great thoughts to her and to his mother during meals. He had hitherto put this down to the lack of education in the girl. To-night, he almost believed she disliked him. This to Hippery was an immense surprise. The only other woman he had ever known at close quarters had been that gentle adoring mother now asleep in her room, luckily, far from the parlour in which this little ' scrap ' was going on. His mother had hung on his words as if they were inspired. He had first felt love for Bertha stir in his heart when he had noticed her tenderness to his mother. He suddenly recalled a print of a picture he had noticed chiefly because the old woman in it resembled his mother. He had kept the print for the sake of this fancied likeness. It was a scene on a lonely moor. A young man was hiding his face on an old woman's shoulder. Her arms were around him. In the distance, a girl was walking away, her attitude scornful. The French words under the picture he got some one to translate for him. They were, *L'amour qui s'en va. L'amour qui reste.*

But he had understood the picture, even though he was ignorant of French. The girl had thrown over her lover. He found refuge in his old mother's arms. The girl's love might die. The mother's never would.

Now, looking at his smart little wife, whose apple-blossom complexion was now deep rose in her anger, his thoughts were agonizing. He loved Bertha; but not as he loved his mother. It was not for himself, but for his mother, that this pain and fear welled up within him.

Desperately he caught Bertha's hand, and held it with a grip that hurt.

'Bertha!' he said in gasping hoarseness, 'I don't think you love me. I don't think you ever loved me. I thought you did. I'm not going to ask you to try to love me. Perhaps I'm not the sort to be loved. Perhaps I'm a bit queer. But I do ask you not to let my poor mother see it. It would break her heart. It can't be for long. She grows feebler. She is so happy that I've got you. She thinks you'll be good to me when she is gone. Don't take that comfort from her—*don't I beg of you*! Bertha! let her be deceived till she dies! It won't be so long—and after—after treat me the way you like.'

There was something like a sob in his voice as he turned away.

Never till that moment had Bertha felt her heart go out to her eccentric husband; but as he moved towards the doorway, his chin on his breast, a sort of mother-instinct—which all women really possess, though it may be dormant till something suddenly awakes it—stirred within her. This strange, bombastic man, all at once became to her something pitiful and helpless—something in dire need of protection.

She darted towards him, her little high-heeled shoes tapping the wooden floor, and causing him to turn. His face was chalky-white. His eyes were hopeless.

For the first time Bertha flung her arms round his neck, and kissed him warmly.

'Henry! poor Henry! don't look like that!' she sobbed. 'I am a little beast. I won't let your mother see I don't care for you, and I'll tell you for why. I do care for you, and I'll do for you same as your mother if she goes; and I'll bash them fellows that laugh at you!'

Hippery gazed at her as one dreaming. He could not believe his ears.

At that moment the oil lamp began to splutter. A feeble flame shot up once or twice. Then they were in darkness. She drew him towards the wooden settle, and they sat there holding hands like children, and the man opened his heart to his wife freely, as he had been wont to do to his mother.

'I am happy to-night, Bertha. You have taken away a black cloud that has been pressing down on me. I have always been so lonely, but for mother—and she grows old. I am a bit of a play-actor—a sort of jester with bells, *and all to hide a secret.* Bertha, I know *I'm a bit wrong somehow.* I knew it when I was a boy. I knew I wasn't quite like other folks. So I read a lot, and I thought a lot, and I figured out things, and I sometimes do seem to get above it all; above everything, and see what others don't. But I'm queer, and I'm lonely, and friendless, really; because no one can understand me except my mother, and perhaps, now, you. But can you? I think you can, and you will be kind and patient when I do and say foolish things. I want love and kindness more than most, for I have my secret eating at my heart —the secret that I know—yes, I know I have a warp in my brain, and I am always trying to hide it. Yet in some things I seem to be clever!'

He spoke as if mystified, and conscious only of the complexity he was to himself.

Bertha leaned her head against his shoulder. She had never been so moved in her whole life. She had looked into a man's soul. Her whole viewpoint changed.

'*You are clever,*' she told him, 'and very clever people are sometimes queer. Mr. Jefferson once said that. That's nothing. I'll stick by you, Henry, through thick and thin. There, is that good enough for you?'

There was a movement in the passage way. Then a light appeared—the light of a candle carried by old Mrs. Hippery.

'I thought I heard something,' said the old lady, 'and I came to see.'

'See then!' said Bertha, laughing. The old lady's candle revealed to her a pair of lovers, with arms round each other—no more—no less.

'*Now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace!*' she whispered in a low, happy voice.

The two seated together scarcely heard the words—or thought they did not. Later on, both knew that they had heard them.

The next morning Hippery had to go into Hastings on business. He joined the carrier's cart opposite 'The Rising Sun,' and old John Leighton called out to him from the door of the inn, 'Hello! Son-in law! The breaks on that car you figure to come home in ain't perfection; but maybe you think you can't die?'

'Don't you get butting in about my outfit!' called Jack

Barnard from his shop door opposite. My brakes work. I'll hit the home trail all right with your precious son-in-law!'

'Priceless, I calls him!' shouted Leighton. 'Why, he's the talk of the village to-day, after him spouting last night! I'm fair ashamed of him, so I am. I'd like to have the law on him! Knows more than the Bible, he does! Blasphemy, I calls it, to say we can find out a way not to die. He's got a tile loose, that's what he has! Son-in-law, indeed!

At that moment Bertha came running up with a parcel her husband had forgotten. She heard her father's last remarks. Furious, she retaliated.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, father!' she exploded. 'The worst of birds defile their own nests! You hold your tongue about my husband. He is a good husband to me; and it is no crime to be cleverer than you are, which he is.'

'Bully for you, Bertha!' called Jack Barnard. 'I like to see a woman stick up for her husband!'

John Leighton retreated into his bar, slamming the door.

Bertha handed the parcel to her husband, giving him a sounding kiss, in view of a number of bystanders, on whom she cast defiant glances.

The carrier's cart started. Bertha watched it till it was out of sight, then she strode into her father's inn.

She found him angrily sweeping out the bar.

He opened his mouth as if to speak. She at once took the wind out of his sails effectively.

'Look here, father! If you join the curs that are yapping at Henry's heels, I'll never help you in the bar again! No, not even on Saturday nights—and that's straight! And if any one in the bar says aught against him, when I'm serving, I'll throw his beer in his face!'

'You've got wonderful fond of him all at once!' sneered her father. 'You who made a fool of yourself over Jack Barnard not so long ago!'

'That's right! throw things at me! It's what you would do!' Bertha retorted hotly. 'Maybe I've learned sense by now. If you'd treat mother half as considerate as Henry treats me, she'd be a lot happier.'

With that she departed, leaving her father in a state of hopeless bewilderment. He sat down on a wooden bench, and stared at the coloured glasses which formed his bar decoration for a long time.

Then rising, and once more taking his broom in his hand,

shook his shaggy head slowly, and said aloud to himself, ' Females are past making out.'

Bertha, flushed, but singularly alive and alert, made her way back to the bungalow, intent on opening the shop, and to do other things, the chief of which was care of her gentle, sweet mother-in-law.

She found the old lady already in the sitting-room, where breakfast was laid. She was wearing a white shawl about her shoulders—shoulders which stooped. Her beautiful white hair, gathered beneath a white cap, seemed to Bertha somehow like a halo. The face to Bertha appeared illumined. Surely a great happiness shone out of it.

She stretched out her thin arms to the girl, who was soon enclosed in a warm embrace.

' Bertha, my dear, dear child! ' she murmured.

And for no reason Bertha could understand, she found herself weeping with the abandon of a child. She found, too, the shelter of loving arms, and that sense of rest and comfort which comes at times to some of us even while tears flow. Bertha had somehow for the first time in her life come into that rarified atmosphere where the soul breathes an invigorating air of which nobility is born.

Last night Bertha had seen her husband's naked soul, and it had been good to look upon, stripped of its outer covering of grand eloquence and conceit. This morning she saw the naked soul of the mother beloved of him. She realized that for herself this mother had asked little, but for her son she had craved much. She realized, too, in some vague yet certain fashion, that it rested with her to give to mother and son the fulfilment of their unselfish desires. Curiously enough she felt in some queer way that an honour had been conferred upon her. She was neither educated nor clever, but she found herself understanding unsuspected truths.

After the shop was opened, and some other necessary tasks had been performed, Bertha sought her husband's mother, and found her on her knees in her bedchamber, her face raised towards a framed picture of ' The Last Supper '; her face still wearing that indescribable illumination. Silently she withdrew, and went about her work, thinking all the while that some mission had been given to her—to her, the flighty, thoughtless girl, who had always been wayward; who had caused so much trouble. She could not understand it. All the same, she resolved with God's help to fulfil it.

During the simple dinner, later on, Mrs. Hippery told her the story of Henry's father—that mechanic, who had genius, and who took his own life, before the birth of his son, in a fit of mania, because he had failed to patent an invention. She told her that Henry's mind had been warped by this, and that he did not know, and never must know, in what manner his father had died.

'All his life I have striven to shield him,' said the mother, 'and my terrible trouble has been that one day I must leave him unshielded. Last night when I saw you both together, so lovingly knit, I knew that God had answered my prayer. Henry will be still shielded when I am gone. Bertha dear, I thank God for you! Henry makes himself ridiculous. He has a touch of his father's genius, but somehow there is a dead bit in his brain somewhere, so that he will always be reaching at what he will never grasp. But one thing he has attained to—a great, unselfish love for his mother, and he loves you. First he loved you for your kindness to me. Last night I saw that he loved you for more than that.'

'I do love him!' affirmed Bertha. 'I never knew I did, till last night, when we had a "tiff" and he showed himself to me.'

'Thank God you had eyes to see the gold of him, that his foolish outside hides, my child,' said the mother.

'I saw more than that,' declared Bertha. 'I saw I wasn't fit to black his boots! Why, I have always been a rotter! I only married him to better myself!'

'And haven't you bettered yourself?' asked the mother, with shining eyes.

'I'm going to, anyway,' answered Bertha. 'You rest contented. I'll stick to him through thick and thin, same as you have. I'll help him. I'll make him happy, so I will; and maybe I'll be able to stop him doing things that makes him laughed at!'

'I don't think so,' answered the mother, a little sadly. 'Henry is what he is. We can't change him. All the same, we can be good to him, and make him happy. He can be happy even if he is ridiculed; for, somehow, a kind, good God who knows how he came into the world handicapped has dulled his sense about ridicule. Yet I sometimes think he knows he is not *quite right*. As a little boy, he seemed to know he was not like the others. It used to trouble me more than it does now. I heard Mr. Jefferson say in one of his sermons, "*God writes straight on crooked lines.*" I believe it. Somehow my Henry will come out

right. Now he has a wife who loves him. What better thing can a man have?'

'A good mother, I think,' pronounced Bertha with conviction.

'Ah!' faintly ejaculated the mother. 'A wife can do even more.'

'Yet you could not save your husband from suicide!' Bertha reminded her. 'You were his wife—not his mother.'

She spoke almost desperately, as if faced by unsolvable problems.

'God's ways are past finding out,' said Mrs. Hippery, 'but they are good ways. I may have failed in some way I don't understand. I still think a wife can do even more for a man than his mother can. What a mother does is taken for granted. To protect her children is an instinct. The wife has only free gifts to offer. I was better educated than my husband, and as this world goes, was above him. He was much above me. He, with his genius, might have made a big name if—if he had waited. But Henry will never make a big name. All the same, he will make a business success, unless—something happens. Look what he has done here already? He has a business gift.'

'Henry wanted to get on just for you,' affirmed Bertha. 'He wanted to make your life comfortable.'

'You have done that, Bertha,' the mother told her.

Then the door opened, and Hippery came in, radiant.

'I've done a good stroke of business,' he told them. 'I came across a good entertainer who is down on his luck. He plays the piano, while he tells things, and he did some of it for me in his rooms down near the Memorial. It is real good. I engaged him. My "Talks" don't seem to go off, so I'm going to try a new line. He's called Darcy Thomas, and I've got a piano coming.'

'That's fine!' cried Bertha.

'Now, my dear boy, have some dinner,' advised the mother. 'Bertha has kept a lovely stew warm for you in the oven.'

Hippery sat down with a sigh of real contentment.

'It is nice coming home,' he said. 'It is nice to come home to a wife and mother!'

'I'm glad you put the wife first, my son,' said Mrs. Hippery. 'It's her place, you know.'

'There aren't *places* when we love,' said Hippery, smiling.

Canon Ainger

BIOGRAPHER OF CHARLES LAMB

By E. I. LYNDON

ALL lovers of Charles Lamb owe a debt to Canon Ainger they can never repay. His *Life and Letters,* by Edith Sichel, is one of the most delightful of books. This man, with a temperament as delicately sensitive as a harp with a thousand strings, was the son of an architect, and from his father he inherited his wit. His mother, a gifted musician and skilled at writing verse, died when he was two, so that he never knew what her love would have meant. But to her he owed his music-haunted soul, and he possessed a tenor voice of rare quality. Versifying, too, came naturally to him, and he could strike off nonsense-rhyme, spark-like, in an instant. His family can be traced back to Huguenot origin, though his father and step-mother were professedly Unitarian. The determinative period of his life was when at twelve he was sent to a boarding school. The head of this school, a Mr. King, was a remarkable man for scholarship and character, and he and his wife and three daughters came to regard this frail boy as one of the family.

The Kings, also, had interesting friends, and their home was frequented by people of note—Sir Edwin Landseer, Thackeray, Macready (the actor), Lemon (editor of *Punch*), and, last, but not least, Charles Dickens, whose sons were Alfred Ainger's comrades at school. Young Ainger, who was always fond of acting, took the keenest interest in the school plays, and Dickens, as stage manager, and sometimes as fellow actor, found in him an apt pupil, and a delightful friendship sprang up between man and boy, with the result that Dickens ' defined and gave voice to the boy's taste, fashioned his literary humour and his outlook upon men.' That four years at Tavistock House, Carlton Hill, was responsible for something else. The Kings were keen admirers of Frederick Denison Maurice, whom they regularly went to hear at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, and they took this boy with them every Sunday. Under the religious spell of that great personality, the boy, whose own home life had not been distinctly religious, found at last what his sensitive and spiritual nature needed. There is a sense in which he owed everything to Maurice. From boarding school he went to King's College, London, where Maurice was Professor of Divinity and

of English Literature. At eighteen Ainger went to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and studied law. While there his father died, and that decided his choice of a vocation. He never seems to have thought of writing as a calling, but at one time the stage had a powerful attraction for him; his health, however, was too delicate for him to think of it.

A waiting profession like the law became impossible, and the thought of the Church, which had not ceased to haunt or attract him, assumed a definite shape. In this, as in all things, he was impelled by the sincerest and loftiest motives, and finally determined to be ordained. His only fears were those of his own unworthiness. He was always more of a minister than a priest. Any pronounced form of ritualism elicited no sympathy from him. And it was not the Broad Church but the old Evangelical School to which he belonged to the end. His one and only curacy after ordination was at Alrewas, Staffs. Then after two years as assistant master at the Collegiate School, Sheffield, he was appointed to the Readership at the Temple in London, which position he held for twenty-six years. This entailed preaching in the afternoon, as well as at other times if the Master were absent and required it. During his Readership he was made Canon of Bristol. When Dr. Vaughan, who was Master of the Temple, resigned in 1894, Lord Rosebery offered the post to Canon Ainger, who accepted and held the office to his death. That indefinable force we term personality impressed one both in his appearance and expression. A pale face, eyes of a piercing blue, a frail yet elastic form, a quick, bird-like turn of the head, an expressive twitch of the mouth as it delivered some sportful jest or caustic comment.

His preaching, it is said, was characterized more by delicacy than by force of thought, by practical rather than intellectual truth. Before all else he was a clergyman of the Church of England, but he was also a man of letters, with an acute literary perception. His Shakespeare readings were memorable occasions. He discovered Charles Lamb for himself. He devoted years of loving toil to the collecting and editing of the essays, letters, poems, and plays of that best-loved man of letters.

In 1881 Alexander Macmillan asked him to undertake the *Life of Lamb* for the ' Men of Letters Series.' In 1883 he set to work upon his edition of Lamb's *Essays*, to which he added the plays, poems, stories, &c., within the next three years. In 1888 he produced Lamb's *Letters* in two volumes, all for the same publisher. These tasks, occupying seven years, were the

mainspring of his fame as a writer; they comprised his chief literary achievement.

He was unconsciously like Lamb; both men were the creatures of mood. What Lamb says about himself might be said of Ainger: 'I am a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies.' This wayward moodiness both men seemed powerless to break. They were both very human, which is another way perhaps of saying they were very lovable. Unconventional, free from stiffness, pretence, unreality, Ainger was generally bubbling over with fun. He was the Mercury of the company. 'When he left us,' said a friend, 'we always felt as if we had been at a wedding: we did not know what to do for the rest of the day.' Once, when a child, his stepmother sent him upstairs to see if the baby was all right, and when he came down, he said, quite gravely, 'The baby is sucking needles, sitting with its legs hanging over the window-sill.'

He was a born mimic. Not only could he dance, but he possessed a fantastic power of twisting his limbs into any shape. There was no end to the forms his drollery would take, but grotesque he never was. He would practise his skill as a ventriloquist and drive down Bond Street imitating the loud cry of a cockatoo, so that all the pedestrians looked up and about in search of the escaped bird, while he sat demure and apparently silent upon the back seat of the carriage.

His letters are full of riddles and verbal quips. Writing to a friend, he pretends that promotion to high office should put an end to all levity and frivolity, but at the end of the letter he asks the conundrum—what is the difference between a gardener, a billiard-marker, a gentleman, and a verger? He supplies the answer: 'The gardener attends to his Peas, the billiard-marker to his Cues, a gentleman to his Peas and Cues, and a verger to his Pews and Keys.' This man, with no mother, no wife, no children of his own, had a genius for making friends, and no wonder, with his gift of humour and intriguing speech. On one occasion he said: 'I would not call any man a liar, but if I saw Mr. —— walking down Waterloo Place arm-in-arm with Ananias and Sapphira, I should say it was quite a family party.' He was an inveterate punster. When Mr. Gladstone got into power with a majority of forty-two, he said, 'The G.O.M. will try to bear his moderate majority with forty-two'd.' How he loved the quiet country walk, and to go tramps with his great friend, George du Maurier, the famous *Punch* artist, ending up

with tea at some wayside inn! When on holiday his constant refrain was, 'Do let us have a cow and toothbrush (or a cat and snuffers) expedition to-day.'

In early manhood life for him was overshadowed by deep sorrow and heavy responsibility. When little more than thirty his widowed sister died, leaving two boys and two girls, for whom he made a home in spite of his limited income. He also almost entirely maintained the four children of his other sister, whose husband had been unfortunate in his profession. We can perhaps imagine the restrictions that were imposed upon him and understand why he had to toil on, teaching, lecturing, writing stray articles, instead of devoting himself to some more permanent work in the cause of literature. The sacrifice was one not unworthy of his well-loved Charles Lamb.

On the other hand he was throughout most fortunate in his friends. It was through planning to visit friends residing in Derbyshire that the friendship was formed with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Evans, who owned Darley Abbey, a stately place not far from Derby. Mrs. Evans was partly Russian and a reader well versed in many tongues, and her husband had great scientific knowledge and a good deal of taste for poetry and pictures. At that time they were just emerging from a heavy sorrow, the loss of their only boy. The Evans's adopted Ainger's two nieces as their own: the two girls spending several months of every year at Darley Abbey and every summer at the Evans's house in Scotland, the uncle regularly joining them for his holiday. For his second wife Mr. Walter Evans married the younger niece, who still survives him. The much-loved Master of the Temple spent the last few weeks of his life under her roof, and died there on February 8, 1904. The next day would have been his 67th birthday. His grave is in Darley Abbey Churchyard, by the side of his friend, Mr. Walter Evans. On the cross above the grave are the words:

> I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.

The Altar on the Hearth. By Canon Townshend. (Dublin: The Talbot Press, 2*s.* 6*d.*) The various needs of home worship are admirably met in this neat little volume. There are prayers for parents and children, for the aged, for teachers, artists, churchmen, and for private use. The language is simple, the thought devout. The opening pages 'Of Religion, of Happiness, and of the Modern Home' create a gracious atmosphere for the prayers that follow.

Voices of the Past

By RICHARD H. WRAY

JABEZ BUNTING and WILLIAM BRAMWELL

JAMES EVERETT was the stormy petrel of the middle period of Wesleyan Methodist history, that period in which Jabez Bunting was the outstanding personality. He was a man of gifts both of speech and pen. Bunting said of him, ' He would be acceptable in any circuit, and may make his choice.'

His ability as a writer is seen in his many works, and his caustic pen made him the object of keen dislike on the part of many. Benjamin Gregory, in that somewhat saddening, yet illuminating book, *Side Lights on the Conflicts of Methodism,* 1827-1852, paints his character in dark colours, largely because so much of his keenest adverse criticism was anonymous. Dr. George Eayrs, whose ability and knowledge of Methodist history were undoubted, thus sums up Everett and his work, ' The caricatures and pen portraits from his hand are singularly clever and are mingled satire and humour. He was the literary Hogarth of Methodism; Cobden likened him to Boswell. A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles and willing to dredge any waters for his material and to use any weapon, he was fearlessly mordant or admiring in turn, whether in declared authorship or under the dangerous shield of anonymity. Those who knew him closely declared him to be sincere, steadfast, and unselfish, though some of them disapproved his methods.' (*New History of Methodism,* I. p. 532.) Everett's most famous works are probably *Adam Clarke Portrayed, The Village Blacksmith,* and *Wesleyan Centenary Takings.*

The last-named, though anonymous, is inseparably associated with his name. It has been much criticized, but it contains some acute characterization of Wesleyan preachers of the day, and is of real value to their successors. Its value indeed is greater in our generation than in that in which it was written, a period of controversy and strife, in which unhappily Everett had no small part. He was diametrically opposed to Jabez Bunting, fiercely critical of his ascendancy; but his sketch of him, which has the place of honour in the first volume, contains much that shows Bunting's great worth. His note on the great leader's style is admirable: ' Here we have style; a style clear, neat, and chaste; nothing florid, nothing extravagant, nothing weak; neither too much nor too little; the greatest evenness, with an evident

power to command the purest, the best, the most select part of the English language; everything, in short, that labour can effect in a style formed after the same model, without the least semblance of effort on the face of it.'

On the spiritual power of Bunting's preaching, he says: 'All his discourses are in the most exalted degree practical and experimental. He never trifles with his audience, and never indulges in anything curious. Time is occupied as though eternity were to close the service; the latter opening upon the congregation with all its tremendous realities the moment they pass the threshold of the chapel door.'

There is much food for thought in this striking passage. Is it not one of the perils of our time that the preacher is tempted to deal with the lesser things rather than the greater and deeper, misjudging alike the calibre of his hearers and the power of his Gospel? Dean Inge, in *Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion* says, 'What has made our Christianity so secular, so unlike the original Gospel? Are we clergy afraid, or ashamed, to appeal to that divine spark which burns and glows in the depths of every human soul? Do we fear that such an appeal will awake no response, and is this why we preach about politics, work and wages, last week's newspapers, anything rather than the Gospel of Christ? The great religious teachers, who have a real message, never lower themselves like this, and they do touch the hearts of their hearers.'

Methodist preachers may not plead guilty to Dean Inge's indictment; but it remains true that we are too often content with a theme and appeal less than the greatest.

Of Bunting's power in prayer, as sometimes felt, Everett says: 'We have heard many highly-gifted men engaged in this hallowed exercise; but we must confess that in him there has been a nearer approach to heaven, a mightier struggle with the Angel of the Covenant, a firmer hold on the horns of the altar, a stronger resemblance of God and man holding converse with each other as face to face, than in almost any other person—except Bramwell, that ever came under our notice.'

William Bramwell was one of the greatest revivalists Methodism has known. In keeping with other great reapers he was careful to hold the reins himself, and thus prevent those excesses and indiscretions which too easily occur in revivals. 'He generally conducted the work—and that, too, at the very moment he was heaping fresh fuel upon the fire, with great discretion—himself, as the instrument under God, being absolute

monarch in its management. Persons spoke or prayed, or sang, or were mute at his bidding.'

Perhaps the most illuminating note on Bramwell is this: 'His reading, like his library, was not extensive, but select—and always directed to the useful. In fact, he studied more than he read, and prayed more than he studied. His house was emphatically a house of prayer, and every house he entered was transformed into the same.'

J. R. and A. E. Gregory give this pertinent illustration of Bramwell's importunity in prayer:

'In 1793 we find him at Dewsbury, his career of success checked; the societies are prosperous, but there is no great outpouring of the spirit. Twelve months of well-nigh hourly prayer ensued. Then came such a blessing that there was no room even to receive it. The outpouring of the Spirit was as remarkable in its sanctifying as in its converting influences.' (*New History of Methodism*, I., p. 411). O may we triumph so!

Everett, at the beginning of his ministerial career, while acting as a 'Supply' in the Sunderland Circuit, lodged with Bramwell, who was Superintendent. He bore this striking testimony to the tireless evangelist and man of prayer: 'Mr. Bramwell's kindness, example, industry, influence, ministerial success, and unparalleled zeal, fanned the flame which had been kindled in my own breast, and kept me awake to duty. My knees sometimes ached early in the morning, when in social prayer with that apostolic man. For power in prayer I never knew his equal.' 'It was a kind providence that first warmed me with the summer sun of a Bramwell.' (Atkin: *Life of Everett*, pp. 62, 67.)

Bramwell always sought the salvation of sinners and the sanctification of believers. He trembled frequently before he entered the pulpit, so deep was his humility and his sense of the greatness of the preacher's task; but he was often overwhelmed with the Divine presence as he preached and prayed. Bramwell wrote many words of wise counsel to young preachers, concerning the aim and methods of preaching, and the value of study. 'When you preach, do not begin too high: you may speak with as much force, and with a better cadence, in the lower tone. Your voice will increase in strength if you keep from the rack. Be a man of God, a useful preacher, bringing many souls to glory: study this and you will accomplish it. Let your end always be the salvation of men. Write all your sermons before you preach them: but do not write too much.'

A Senior Class goes Abroad

By SID G. HEDGES

THE problem of keeping the seniors in the Sunday School is becoming ever more difficult in these days when the Sunday offers so many counter-attractions—cheap travelling, amusements, and so on. The senior leader who does not prepare himself progressively to combat the increasing forces arrayed against him cannot hope to be successful in his work. If boys can be held between the ages of sixteen and nineteen the fortunate school may have reasonable hope that many of those scholars will become able Christian workers.

One of the most helpful ways of keeping boys through the critical age is to develop a strong comradeship, or *esprit de corps,* in the class. The leader and his members must be bound together by ties of real intimacy and understanding. One of the best ways in which the members of a class may come to know each other is by living together—as in a week's camp.

But recently my own class has made a much bolder venture. They are ordinary fellows with very little money—a carpenter, a draper, a butcher, a baker, and such like; and their ages ranged from seventeen to twenty-one. Some of them had never even seen the sea, for we live about a hundred miles inland in a tiny country town.

It seemed to me that one of the most exciting things that could happen to them would be that they should not only go to the sea but that they should go abroad. The idea staggered them considerably at first, but when I convinced them that the thing was really possible, and that they actually need not spend more than fifty shillings for the entire week's holiday, then they became wildly enthusiastic.

And now it is over and nine boys have had the experience of their lives, under the aegis of the Sunday School—they have been abroad, and they will always associate that great experience with the Senior Class.

Of course it was not easy to do the trip within the fifty shillings, even though Boulogne is so near to England.

Our first concern was that little or no money should be wasted in England—for when the cross-Channel fare was deducted from the available money, there was not a great deal left for hotel and other expenses. Each member of the party, of course, paid for himself. The costs were as follows:

	£	s.	d.	
Cross-Channel return ticket -		16	6	(long week-end)
Hotel bill, Boulogne - -	1	4	0	
Meals in England - - -		3	0	
	2	3	6	

This allowed six and sixpence for spending in Boulogne.

Each member of the party had obtained a week's holiday. Our time-table worked out as follows:

1st day.—We journey to Folkestone by push-bike and motor-cycle; sleeping here the night.

2nd day.—Cross to France on the morning boat.

3rd, 4th, and 5th days.—We spend in Boulogne.

6th day.—Cross from Boulogne to Folkestone by the evening boat, sleeping at Folkestone.

7th day.—We journey home.

As our town is one hundred and thirty miles from Folkestone the first day was something of an ordeal. Three of us had motor-cycles—two taking a pillion passenger, while the third carried a load of blankets and rucksacks.

The push-bike people started before one o'clock in the morning, and we others some hours later. Rests were made during the journey, and the whole party arrived at Folkestone about seven in the evening—thoroughly tired, but happy to have done such a ride without so much as a puncture. Personally I had been rather dubious about the ability of the cyclists to do the distance, since they were not at all practised.

At Folkestone, to save expense, we had obtained permission to sleep in a schoolroom, and store our machines on the premises. And that night we had sufficient energy remaining to have an hour's sing-song—chiefly hymns—before settling to our hard but welcome beds, on the floor.

Next morning, leaving our bikes and blankets behind, we steamed over the Channel, with no sea-sickness, and by about noon set foot in France.

I had previously arranged accommodation. For thirty-five francs, or five and tenpence, per day, we had comfortable beds; Continental breakfast of coffee or chocolate, and rolls; a four or five-course lunch at mid-day, and a similarly substantial dinner in the evening.

For a long time beforehand I had urged the boys to study the language—giving them a little weekly lesson, which helped the essential 'week-day contact' between leader and class. Now they

began to use their French—with splendid nerve, and devastating effect.

Almost the very first to buy postage stamps asked for: 'Four quatre timbres.'

Usually, a would-be buyer discussed for so long outside the shop the phrase that he should use, and practised it so carefully, that by the time he went inside the shopkeeper knew all about it and held the desired object ready.

One bold spirit entered a photographer's shop to buy a film. He fired off the only phrase of which he was sure:

'Parlez-vous, Anglais, mademoiselle?'

'Non monsieur!' the assistant replied—and for some moments there was a most disconcerting silence, until fortunately the customer, to hide his confusion, turned away and chanced to see the film he wanted.

On Sunday we attended the English Church; and interested our hotel with almost a couple of hours of hymn singing after the evening service.

Our days were spent in swimming and delightful rambles, with just one experience of French trains. Each evening we had a sort of family prayer in one of the bed-rooms, before retiring. I had thought for months over the question of what we should read during those five evenings, for I realized that here was a most wonderful opportunity of connecting for the rest of their lives some chapter from the Bible with this most memorable holiday. At first I thought I would read the same chapter each evening, but eventually decided on a still better plan. Every night we read a different section, of about eight verses, from the Sermon on the Mount, but followed every reading with the parable which ends the Sermon and which therefore came naturally enough after each set of verses. I do not think that any of the party will ever forget the man who builds his house upon a rock.

During that week, thrown so much together in such unfamiliar surroundings, a delightful spirit of friendship developed in our party; and when at last we returned to England, and accomplished the long journey home, we all felt that new bonds had been forged between us that would not easily be broken.

Our School had been greatly interested, of course, in our exploit, and the total benefit cannot easily be measured.

And next year, so my fellows tell me, I have to take them either to Brussels or Paris!

Music and Literature

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

I.—Chaucer (*Continued*)

The Joyful Vocalist.

THE song of the youth whilst enjoying his morning bath is no uncommon sound to-day, and indeed this early music seems to be a long established custom, only the locale was slightly varied in the fourteenth century, when baths were quite unknown. Then the early morning song came from the chamber, as we learn from the Merchant's Tale, when he describes the workman sitting up in bed and singing ' full loud and clear.' There seems to have been no half-heartedness about the singing. One of the pilgrims thus describes a vocalist

> I herde never man so synge
> As did your father in the morning.
> Certes out of his heart it was he song,
> And for to make his voice the more strong
> He would so strive, that with both his eyen
> He must wynk, so lowde would he crien,
> And standen on his typtoes therewithal,
> And stretche forth his necke long and smal.

Church Music.

Dr. Jessopp, the well known church historian, has given us a vivid description of the church and its music in the fourteenth century. He points out that ' the public worship in our churches at this time was carried on with a display of splendour and magnificence such as is very difficult for us now to imagine—and that not only in cathedrals or in the larger and richer churches of the towns, but in every little village church in England, the music was excessively ornate—though of course the organs were not to be compared with our modern instruments.' Chaucer certainly gives no suggestion that church music was so elaborate, in fact he makes few references to it. The Pardoner used to sing an offertory in church, not for the love of it, but for the sake of the payment, or, as we are told, ' to win silver,' and we also learn that he sang ' full merrily and loud,' in the hope that his salary might be increased. A more pleasing character is the ' poor parson of a town,' who was also one of the pilgrims. He does not appear to rank amongst the musicians, but at any rate he practised what he preached,

> Christe's love, and His apostles twelve
> He taught, and first he followed it himself,

and thus he stands out in great contrast to the other churchmen of the party, whose characters do not bear too close examination.

Organs.

The references to church music are few, but they are certainly valuable. Some of the churches had organs, an instrument to which the epithet 'merry' is not usually applied, but in the Tale of the Cock and the Fox we are told in reference to the chanticleer that

> His voice was merrier than the merry organ
> On Masse days that in the Churches gon,

but it has been suggested that this description of the cock's vocal abilities was probably intended as a sarcastic reference to the fine singers of the day.

In the history of St. Cecilia (in the *Nonnes Tale*) are the lines

> And while that organs maden melodie
> To God alone thus in her heart sang she.

It was usual in Chaucer's time to call the instrument by the plural term 'organs,' as in the second of the quotations just given. Probably the poet would also have used the plural form in the first as well, only it would not rhyme with 'gon.' The reason of the plural being used by many old writers is possibly due to the presence of several pipes. In later years the term 'pair of organs' was used.

The Parish Clerk.

It is not surprising that Chaucer introduces a parish clerk, for the office he held is one of the oldest in our church history. The Rev. P. H. Ditchfield tells us that the clerk has been known to exist in this country ever since the days of Augustine and King Ethelbert. He is the only member of the minor ecclesiastical officials who has survived the changes brought about by the Reformation, and he still holds a legal position in the parish church. The district of Clerkenwell, in London—the 'clerks' well'—indicates the spot where they used to assemble to perform miracle plays. One wonders if Chaucer was there in 1391, when the clerks performed a play before Richard II and his nobles.

Chaucer's parish clerk was a play-actor, and a lively young spark as well, for the poet depicts him as curling his locks and putting on his best clothes, all to win the love of the carpenter's wife,

> And singeth crowing like a nightingale,
> And sends her pasties, mead, and spiced ale,
> And oft, to show his light agility,
> Playeth King Herod on a scaffold high.

Church Plays.

This reference to King Herod reminds us that the occasional performance of miracle and mystery plays was a recognized

feature in the religious life of those days. The main distinction between them was that the miracle plays were founded on incidents connected with the lives of the saints, while mystery plays dealt with Gospel stories only.

Chaucer doubtless witnessed some of these, and he introduces references to them in his *Tales*. The part of Herod, which the parish clerk performed, was an important one, and received the recognition usually accorded to the villain of the piece. We are told that the Wife of Bath was as fond of going to miracle plays as she was of attending marriages. Music had an important share in the plays, being supplied by bands of wandering minstrels.

Latin Hymns.

The *Miller's Tale* commences with a description of Nicholas, a clerk who lived with a carpenter and his wife at Oxford. The clerk had a 'press' (cupboard) in his room

And all above there lay a gay sautrye (psaltery),

on which he used to play every night

so swetely, that all the chambers rong,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he song.

The hymn referred to was one of the Anglo-Latin hymns dealing with the Annunciation. The earliest known copy is to be found in a MS. at present in the British Museum. It was originally in the possession of one of the Norfolk branches of the Howard family, from whom it passed into the hands of the Royal Society during the eighteenth century, together with several other MSS.

At the beginning of last century the Royal Society sorted out from their collection all MSS. which were not directly connected with scientific subjects, and transferred them to the British Museum, when the folio bearing this hymn was placed with the Arundel Collection. The MS. has an additional value in containing the music of 'Angelus ad Virginem,' and a very dignified melody it is. The music is written in square notes, each note being placed over the syllable to which it corresponds.

The date of the MS. is probably within twenty years of the more famous secular melody, 'Sumer is icumen in.' Here is a literal translation of the first verse, in modern English.

Gabriel from heaven's king
Sent to the maiden sweet,
Brought her blissful tiding,
And fair he gave her greet,
Hail be thou, full of grace aright,
For Gode's Son, this heavenly Light.

[To be continued]

Leaves from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

OLD GRANFER'S FIRE INSURANCE

IN the same hamlet where I stayed that spring, when the child got her plate of ham by monotonously repeating her request for it, I found myself the following autumn. I wanted to make sketches of the same spots I had painted in their bridal spring beauty, now that the winds were stripping the trees of leaves grown yellow and brittle.

I had to find a new lodging, for the dear little old lady who had before taken me in, had now a married daughter and two grandchildren filling up the cottage.

I was much disappointed when I was told (regretfully, I own) that there was no room for me now; for I liked gentle, smiling Mrs. Davis. But I must come in, she insisted, and have ' a sit down ' and a cup of tea.

Old Mrs. Davis set a tray with a white cloth on it, for me in the kitchen. ' You see, miss, I've had to turn the best parlour into a bedroom,' she explained. ' My daughter and the children are out to-day up at my brother's—him who has the cowman's cottage at Longmile Farm, as belongs to Mr. Robotham. Now, if I'd known you was coming I might have got him to have them while you stayed here, but—being so sudden-like——'

' Don't worry, Mrs. Davis,' I hastened to say, ' I would not have let you take all that trouble. I know you would have turned that bedroom back into a best parlour for me; and then would have had it all to turn back again into a bedroom. Perhaps you can tell me of some one who would take me in for a week or two? '

Mrs. Davis, who had just poured out my tea, and placed some home-made buns before me, began to roll the corner of her white apron round on a gnarled finger—a habit I remembered that she always had when considering. Her eyes fixed themselves on her window plants. Presently she removed her eyes from her geraniums to fix them on me.

' There's Mrs. Jarvis,' she began, hesitatingly. ' She's a clean woman, and her cottage has a spare room, since her son got married. She has a nice parlour, too, with a piano in it, though that same don't play, it's that old. But she's got her old grandfather living with her, and he's a bit of a crank. He might worry you.'

' How? ' I inquired. ' I like old people.'

'Well, miss, he do talk a lot; and he is great on saving souls.'

'Surely that is not a crime!' I said to her, smiling.

'No, miss,' she answered, 'not if took the right way; but he worrits folks, old Granfer does.'

'I think I'll risk that, if Mrs. Jarvis will take me,' I told her. I was anxious to make my sketches, which were destined for reproduction in a magazine. I did not want to search for a lodging.

'Then I'll put my things on, and come up with you, and show you the cottage,' said kind Mrs. Davis.

While she was 'putting on her things' I unclasped my suit-case and took from it a white shawl I had knitted for her; because while I stayed with her, a clothes-horse on which a treasured white shawl was hanging to air fell into the fire and got burned. I held it up as she came back to the kitchen, bonnetted and shawled. Her joy was ample reward for the work I had put into it.

Mrs. Jarvis seemed pleased to have me, and gave me a dear little white bedroom and the parlour with the piano that wouldn't play.

I had caught a glimpse of 'Old Granfer' as I came through the small kitchen. He was sitting in a high-backed wooden chair, with a Bible on his knees. He had not looked up or spoken. But I had scarcely unpacked and come into the parlour, when old Granfer knocked on the door (which was open).

'Come in!' I said pleasantly.

'Thank you, miss,' he said, as he advanced with the aid of two sturdy sticks. His white hair and long white beard made him look like a patriarch. A venerable old man, but with eyes still full of youthful fire. His smile was peculiarly sweet.

'Come and sit down, Mr. ——. I don't know your name, I'm afraid——'

'My name don't matter, miss,' he made answer. 'Every one calls me Granfer.'

'Well then, Granfer, sit down in this nice big chair,' I insisted, 'and then you can tell me what you remember of this hamlet. You must remember a lot, being so old.'

He sat down stiffly, placing his two sticks beside him. I sat down near him, and tried to look sympathetic. Mrs. Jarvis brought in a lighted lamp, and set it on the round table; for already the darkness was gathering.

'Don't you get worritting the lady, Granfer,' she warned, as she left the room.

'There's a question I've got to ask every one fresh I meet,'

said Granfer, when Mrs. Jarvis had gone, closing the door after her.

'Yes?' I made answer with an interval I did not dissemble.

'Are you insured against fire?' he asked.

I was astonished. Surely this old man could not be an agent for an insurance company! It seemed incredible.

'Oh, yes,' I replied, smiling; 'and against burglars. Why?'

'Are you insured against Hell Fire?' he asked, making himself quite clear this time.

'We've only one way to insure against Hell Fire,' he continued. 'We've got to repent of our sins, and plead the merits of Jesus Christ.'

I remained silent. I did not know anything to say. I had always said my prayers, and I had been a regular churchgoer; but I don't think that up to that moment, I had ever given a serious thought to Hell Fire. I had not to my knowledge committed any great sin. My life had been sheltered. But I did devoutly believe in the love of God, and I said to the old man, 'I can't believe that a kind God would burn us with fire.'

'Miss, to my thinking, and I am an ignorant old man, Hell Fire ain't the sort we boil the kettle on, but the remembering all the spiteful and cruel things we've done, and the meannesses, and the wrongs, and the selfishness of us, and maybe some real big sins we did not slip into, but did because we wanted to. And the injuries we've done folks, and that lots and lots of good we left undone. In the light God puts on us when we leave this earth, it will be Hell Fire for some of us to see ourselves.

'Miss, we've got to insure against fire by waking up here, and mending our ways, and being sorry, and trusting in Christ. I've got to give this message.'

He stopped speaking, with a strange abruptness, and seemed to fall asleep, as old people often do.

I kept very still, not to disturb him, and studied his old face, finding it very beautiful in sleep.

He slept long, it seemed. Mrs. Jarvis came in to lay my supper. She set down the tray in a hurry, and ran over to the chair where Granfer slept. She touched him.

Then with a piteous cry she threw her arms about him. 'Oh, miss! he's *gone*!' she sobbed, 'the dear saint, who was so near to God! He's gone!'

Yes, Granfer was dead.

But he had roused me to a new life. My better life dates from meeting old Granfer.

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS.

'Minister's and Laymen's Handbook.'

METHODIST administration is somewhat complicated, and ministers and laymen need to have the official Handbook constantly in use. The Rev. John Elsworth is a recognized and trusted expert in these details, and he has put a great deal of skilled labour into the Fourth Edition of this invaluable work. It has involved the addition of twelve years' new legislation, and every reference to the standard works on the subject has been revised with the utmost care. The book has been largely recast. Its chapters now include all that belongs to meetings held within the circuit. This Edition is as perfect as care and skill can make it and every one who uses it will feel his debt to Mr. Elsworth for such a guide and helper as this Handbook supplies. (2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Transforming Friendship.

The Rev. Leslie D. Weatherhead preached on this subject to the great delight and profit of his people in Leeds. The chapters, as rewritten, make a book which will give life new meaning to many readers. They show the reality of the Friendship of Jesus, its intimacy, and its inexorable nature. Our Lord called Himself the Son of Man. That title is used eighty times in the New Testament, but only by Jesus Himself. It emphasized His humanity. Jesus seems to say, 'This is what I made of human life. This is what you can make of it. I fought the battle and won through, with no other weapons save those which are still available for you. I have been tempted. I have lived in difficult circumstances. And I live for ever to be your Friend, your Guide, your Strength.' Mr. Weatherhead gives us a modern vision of Christ, and one that draws us into His very presence. Christianity began in a vivid and transforming experience of the Friendship of Jesus, and this book will make many feel that here is the secret of the Church's power and influence to-day. (*The Transforming Friendship: A Modern Vision of Jesus.* 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

'The Garden of God.'

Mr. Coulson Kernahan writes for lovers of children, of dogs, of birds, and of butterflies. He tells us why the nightingale

sometimes sings in the day, though to hear the bird ' at its best, as chorister, one must be present in Nature's own cathedral at midnight, when all other choristers are hushed, and save for the organ accompaniment of the wind, no other sound sobs or soars in the vastness of the midnight chancel.' Rainbows and sky-islands are here described with great felicity, and we even find ourselves delightfully puzzling over the fact that so many children are born with eyes of speedwell blue. This is a book that brings us into contact with Nature as few save Mr. Kernahan could bring us. Its charm holds us from first to last. (2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

' Our Father and His Family.'

The Rev. J. Ernest Rattenbury has written ' a devotional and social study of the Lord's Prayer,' which deals in an impressive way with the Holy Name and the six petitions. ' Genuine prayer is the simple, sincere, trustful talk of children to their heavenly Father.' That is what the Lord's Prayer is, and what ours ought to be. God wants His children to talk naturally. ' Jesus means that when we pray, we are to speak like real children to a real father: thankful for what He is, desirous of what He wants; trusting Him to supply His children's daily needs, to pardon their faults, and to shield them from future dangers. And that is a succinct and simple summary of the Lord's Prayer.' The study is rich in thought and full of insight into the needs of the spiritual life of men and women to-day. (1*s.* net.)

A Tercentenary Volume.

In view of the fact that this year is the 300th anniversary of the birth of John Bunyan, the story of his life by R. Winboult Harding (2*s.* net), makes a special appeal. The author gives us a biography of the ' immortal tinker,' which has both freshness and insight and reveals in a striking way one of the most remarkable personalities of any age. We are made to feel those deep religious experiences which Bunyan has described so vividly in his *Grace Abounding*. After twelve months' imprisonment in Bedford county jail, he was released after the Declaration of Indulgence of 1672, under which he became a licensed preacher.

The writer goes on to explain how the Declaration was cancelled and a warrant issued for Bunyan's arrest. Brought to trial under the Conventicle Act he was sent to prison for six months in the town jail, which has since been pulled down. Contrary to what is generally supposed it was during this later and briefer imprisonment that the first part of the *Pilgrim's*

Progress was written. It is interesting to know that when the volume first appeared there was no Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and that many passages were added in the second and third editions. It sprang at once into fame, 100,000 copies being sold in ten years. Between 1682 and 1743 the book was translated into French, German, Dutch, and Swedish, and since then into eighty-four languages and dialects. Now after a lapse of exactly 250 years from the time of its publication thousands will endorse the verdict of Macaulay that the *Pilgrim's Progress* is 'the best allegory that ever was written.'

The strength and purity of the style alone would place the volume among the masterpieces of English literature, but for a full estimate of its religious rank and worth it is necessary to turn to the thousands of triumphant saints 'whose faith and endurance have been sustained and kindled by the study of this noble book.' Mr. Harding makes full use of the material at his disposal. He gives us a thrilling, soul-stirring story of a life that consisted largely of battles, defeats, and victories. Bunyan's experiences in the parliamentary army are described with a vividness that arrests; the tinker's mystical quest to bring to those who felt themselves inwardly poor and lowly the consolations of Christ is discussed in a way that makes 'the similitude of a dream' appear real. The author revives the life of a day that was famed for its religious intolerance and persecution. Conditions are no longer the same, but Mr. Winboult Harding shows that the influence of John Bunyan and his immortal allegory takes deeper root with the passing of time. Young people especially should make a point of reading this fascinating story.

A Great Empire Builder.

Young folk will hail with delight the latest book from the pen of Mr. J. G. Rowe which clearly shows that his hand has lost none of its cunning. *Captain Cook* (2*s.* net) is a thrilling account of the great navigator who ran away to sea at an early age, and after an adventurous career was clubbed and stabbed to death by natives in Karakakoa Bay, Hawaii, January, 1779. Readers with any sense of appreciation will be quick to recognize the deft touches which light up the pages of this book, and make it far more than a biography of one who 'must certainly be placed first among British maritime discoverers.' Among Cook's many achievements was the circumnavigation of New Zealand, the surveying of the east coast of Australia, and the discovery of a passage round the North Coast of America.

Another notable feat was his success in combating scurvy, ' that terrible curse of long voyages until his day.' During his second voyage, which lasted three years and eighteen days, and covered more than 20,000 leagues of sea, including a complete circumnavigation of the Antarctic Circle, Cook lost only one man out of a company of 118. Apart from his geographical discoveries men of science were keenly interested by his conquest of scurvy, and he was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The following year a paper explaining the system which he had adopted for preserving the health of the ship's company gained him the Copley Gold Medal.

The author gives readers a full-length portrait of his subject in this deeply interesting book. The delineation of Cook's character is fair and just; the descriptions of the groups of islands which he discovered in the Pacific and Southern Ocean are attractive and picturesque. A wealth of delight may be found within these pages which are a blend of biography and travel. The natural magnetism of Cook, his clear vision, his intellectual gifts and attainments are recognized by the writer, who has revealed to us the man as well as the navigator. The account of the massacre is a vivid piece of descriptive writing which grips. Far from being a mere record of travel Mr. Rowe has given us many realistic pen-pictures and the volume is brightly-written, and full of interest. The book is a bright, popular account of the son of an agricultural labourer, who ' became one of the great builders of the British Empire,' which will both arrest attention and give pleasure. The book is of especial interest in view of the fact that this year is the 200th anniversary of the birth of this famous explorer and navigator.

Twelve Choice Booklets.

Here is a shilling packet of booklets, nine by F. W. Boreham and three by Mark Guy Pearse which will carry a blessing with them wherever they go. It is a joy to read them. There is nothing prosaic or conventional here, but a fresh, hopeful, happy view of life which braces one for new adventures. It would be hard to find anything better to put into the hands of a sick friend, or a discouraged worker than these stories. They are steeped in sunshine, and the reader will feel stimulated and inspired for daily tasks by every moment spent in the company of such guides along the upward way as Mr. Pearse and Mr. Boreham. For distribution these are the very thing—bright, cheering, and unconventional.

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